THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE YEAR'S CROWN.

BY M. D. WATKINS.

Fain would I stay thee, from thy fragrant tresses,
To pluck, fair queen, the last and sweetest rose!
Fain would I linger where this fine air blesses
The golden woodlands, ling'ring while it blows
As loth to say farewell! Bright Autumn, fain
Would love delay thee, but the wish is vain!

Yet has thou memories, Autumn, for the twilight
Of happy meetings, joyful smiles, where corn
Waves on the hill-side, of the penciled eye-bright
Stirs in the breeze from purpled uplands borne;
Pensive we loiter by the well-known tryst,
And watch the golden fields by sunset kissed.

Here for each soul the future takes a glory,
And Hope may dream of triumphs yet to come;
Lovers here meet to tell the "old, old story,"
Draw tight the knots ne'er o'en by death undone;
Here, too, when day dies—dies, alas! too soon—
More lovely floats above the Autumn moon.

Soft falls her mellow flood, its radiance streameth
O'er park and hamlet wrapped in deep repose;
Yonder the brook a thread of silver gleameth,
The forest here in solemn splendor shows;
A land of silent glamour far and near
Owns Autumn queen of all the beauteous year.

WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE;

OR,

The Stolen Heiress!

BY MARY E. WOODSON,

AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S VOW," "OAKLANDS," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 7, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

"In God's name, who are you?" exclaimed Nina. . . . . Miriam Danvers staggered back into a seat.

CHAPTER XVI.

OUT IN THE COLD WORLD.

"Who could Mrs. Eugene Danvers be?"

Nina felt quite sure that she had no friends in New York who would sufficiently interest themselves in her welfare to prevent the infliction of any possible wrong from other sources; but feeling assured, on the other hand, that the warning of Caspar Lenox had not been without object, she beckoned the policeman to her side, and gave him the directions suggested.

The man stood for a moment doubting and in awe of so great a patron for the woman whom he had suspected of a crime, but finally took the lead, and bade her follow, while Nina, lost in wonder, submissively obeyed. The grandeur of Mr. Philip Danvers' residence impressed them each anew, as they moved, side by side, up the tesselated walk, to the wonder of some fashionable callers just going out. Eugene was standing on the marble steps, when he caught a glimpse of them, and paused. The officer touched his hat, and waited to be addressed.

"Do you wish to see any one here?" asked Eugene, in his usually suave tones.

"This woman has come under the suspicion of the law, so that I could not exactly lose sight of her at once. She seems to think that Mrs. Eugene Danvers may testify as to her past character, as she once had the honor of serving her."

"My wife," said Eugene, in some surprise. "You must have known her then, my good woman, in another country. Are you a foreigner?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you think Mrs. Danvers will remember you? I am sure she will do anything she can for one in any unmerited trouble. But what is your offence?"

Nina explained, as briefly as she could, and ended by begging to be permitted to see the lady.

"It is a plausible story enough," said Eugene, kindly, "and I am sure I hope it may be true. Enter, officer, if you please, and you, too, my good woman. I will bring Miriam at once." He had shown them into a little reception-room to the left of the main entrance, when the rustling of a heavy silk dress was heard approaching them.

"Miriam, my love!" cried Eugene, "how fortunate. Here is a poor woman who thinks you can relieve her of a great embarrassment, by testifying as to her past character. Do you remember to have seen her before?"

The queen of high life, supreme in her beauty and the splendor of her attire, came in slowly, her coral lips wreathed with a gracious smile, while on the outcast's face was a mingled expression of hope and anxiety.

"Who are you?" Mrs. Danvers was saying, when a sight of the policeman's uniform caught her eye, and filled her with alarm.

Nina, too, had looked up, and instead of the humble plea for protection, which all had expected to hear, she now sprang to her feet with a startled cry, and strode towards the lady with dilated eyes, and a hand uplifted, as in imprecation.

"Rather, in God's name, let me ask *who are you?*" she exclaimed, in a tone of such stern, insulting inquiry that Eugene's face was instantly flushed with anger, while Miriam Danvers, looking once more upon the dark, weather-stained face of the strange woman, grew white as the snow that was beginning to fall without, and staggered back into a seat.

"Can you—can you be Miriam Roscoe?" cried the woman, still drawing threateningly near, and gazing intently into the pallid face of the beautiful lady. "Tell me that my eyes are cheating me, that I have gone blind or mad, anything but that I see before me the perjured wife of Louis Dupre."

"Officer!" It was Eugene's voice, stern, clear and cold. "Take that woman from the room!"

"Look at her!" cried Nina, retreating towards the wall. "Look at her, young man, you who may now be her husband, and say if you do not read the story of her guilt in her blanched cheeks. Tremble for your own safety, while you bid her tell here *hers* her other dupe—her first husband died."

"Miriam, do you know that woman?" cried Eugene, again.

"No."

The color had returned to Mrs. Danvers' cheeks, and a light, like the flash of cold steel, gleamed in her eyes.

"*You* do not know me—Nina Da Costa?"

"No."

"Will you deny that you were Miriam Roscoe?"

"I was Miriam Roscoe."

"And still you do not know me?"

"No."

"It is like you," said the woman, with a bitter laugh. "There is not another woman in the world who could lie so coldly."

"Officer!" exclaimed Eugene, wrathfully, "drag that woman from the room, or I shall have you arraigned for misprision of duty."

"Hold!" said Miriam, with a wave of her hand that served as a command both for Eugene and the policeman, and in a voice that had suddenly grown calm, cold and cutting, "I would have a few more words with this person. There is something in the face, as I look at her again, that seems not altogether unfamiliar. I had forgotten the name. You are the mad schoolmistress of Leonora Danvers—my husband's cousin."

A frown, not unmixed with an expression of pity, passed over Eugene's countenance, as he resumed a listening attitude.

"I am glad to see that you will confess so much," said Nina, with a bitter laugh. "I think, if you will take the trouble to consider, you can recall more of my history than you were willing to confess to a minute since. You did not disdain my acquaintance when, with your wicked beauty, you were endeavoring to entice——"

"Ah, bah! She will protract this interview to utter weariness on all sides," said Miriam, in an appealing tone. "This is one of the cases, Eugene, in which you would find that I might be slightly bored. What is her *present* offence, officer?" Mrs. Danvers' self-possession was complete, her dignity regal, while the outcast's eyes flashed fire, and her whole frame was shaken with violent emotion.

The policeman briefly stated his grounds of suspicion.

"The beautiful little girl of Mrs. Rochester Leslie," said Miriam, turning towards her husband. "Ah, I am afraid this is sadly in keeping with what I have heard of this woman and her family before. Why did she come here to-day?"

"To ask you to establish my reputation as an honest woman among these strangers who know me not," said Nina, imperiously.

"I should like to oblige you," replied Miriam, with an amused smile, "but really, I think you are asking most too much of me. Eugene, you knew nothing of your cousin in those days, but this woman—as she confesses to be the same—had much to do with her unhappy history. I have heard my first husband speak of her, also, as quite a plausible and interesting person—one of those cunning cases of insanity, which it takes quite a time to discover. I wonder that she should be permitted to go at large still."

"And you dare tell me this to my face?" cried Nina, furiously. "Just Heaven, is there no power to smite this scheming, soulless piece of iniquity?"

"Eugene," said Mrs. Danvers, with her sweetest smile, "may we not as well end this rather ridiculous interview?"

"It would have ended much earlier if I had had my way," replied Eugene, proudly. "Policeman, I think you have shown your discretion. You can now remove your woman."

"I refuse to go!" cried Nina. "I will not stir until I have torn the mask from this whited sepulchre. The voice of poor Louis Dupre is crying to me for vengeance, and I will expose her."

"And, officer," said Miriam, as she took her husband's arm to leave the room, "pray remember that I know nothing whatever of this woman except by hearsay. I saw her once or twice. I can recall nothing before her infirmity became generally known."

"Stay!" exclaimed Nina, in a frenzy. "You shall not escape me! Stay, foolish, blindly-trusting husband, as you value your life!" but Eugene and his wife had already quitted the room, and as the desperate woman made a bound to follow them, the policeman seizing her by both arms easily slipped a pair of handcuffs upon her wrists, while Nina, bewildered with astonishment and terror, was led out, dumb as a lamb before its shearers.

The out-door air seemed to revive her, however, for as long as she was in sight she continued to look back, and to mutter direful imprecations between her clenched teeth upon the woman who had so coolly disowned and maligned her.

"Let her rejoice!" she cried. "She has prospered on crime, as only devils are permitted to do, but I have found her now, where it will be impossible for her to escape me again."

"Come," said the officer, warningly. "Don't you think you have said enough? You will exhaust yourself talking, and you had better be cautious, if you don't wish to go to the asylum as dangerous and incurable. If you have papers or other showing that will be of service to you, you had better direct me where to get them, as you may, perhaps, have a hearing to-morrow."

And Nina DaCosta's morning's adventure led at least to the station-house for the night. Had Caspar Lenox counted on this?

In the meantime, affairs had been progressing scarcely less pleasantly in the miserable establishment to which Evelyn Leslie had been so wickedly decoyed. The robber had been well nigh frenzied with suffering and anxiety, and Moll had been dispatched half a dozen times to learn if the woman, whom Lenox had employed, had returned safely from her rather dangerous embassy. The unfortunate results to the latter were already known, but she managed to convey some intelligence of the money, and with this they were forced to be content for the night.

Moll herself was so delighted with the success of her scheme, that alike forgetful of the danger to others, and of the situation in which she had left her husband, she ran with dangerous rapidity up the steps of her accustomed haunt, and stumbled over Wally, who sat disconsolately rubbing a black eye, which he had received during her absence.

"He be awful!" he whispered, in terror. "He be a swearin' at yon for the last hour." She opened the door rather nervously, and beheld Ned writhing in pain, with Mother Crowley chattering and hobbling about him.

"Where have you been, you strolling jade?" he yelled out, with an oath, and before giving her time to answer he ordered the old woman from the room. When she was gone Moll hastened to inform him that the money was secured.

"Then why the d—l don't you produce it?" he thundered.

She was now forced to inform him of the difficulty in which the woman who had undertaken to escort the child was involved; but stated the conviction of Lenox that she would be released from custody on the following day.

The man listened with ominously grim attention.

"Now hear me, my beauty," he exclaimed, at last; "never were you so fortunate as you have been this day. You have escaped a life's imprisonment, perhaps, by the skin of your teeth. Lay it to heart now as you have never done lesson before, for, by the Lord, if you ever run your neck into such a noose again, I will help to strangle you with it; do you hear?"

"I thought it was for your good, Ned."

"Well, let that pass. Only be wiser next time, or you'll regret it. Now listen again, and see that you obey to the letter. Mother Crowley is wide awake, but she knows nothing whatever of the child's carrings, and they were of considerable value, I know. You two are to find them between you; so look well. Search everywhere, and if they are not discovered, send that boy Walter to me. He may have been sharp enough to take them, and I'll flay him alive if he does not bring them to me."

The boy heard as he still crouched by the door, and springing up as light as a cat, before she opened it, slipped into a small closet at the head of the steps until Moll had come out and crossed into the room where the child had been disrobed on the previous evening. Then he crept out again, and bending for an instant over a loose plank in the wall, he drew out something that glistened marvelously, even in the obscure twilight, and wrapping it in a tattered handkerchief, thrust it into his bosom. Then looking cautiously around, he espied Moll's old pocket-book lying on the wooden table, just outside the door, where she had laid it in her alarm, and slipping it into his pocket, moved on tip-toe to the old stairway.

"Moll's chink will keep me from having to grab things to eat, as *she* told me I was not to steal no more," he murmured, softly, apparently unconscious that he was violating her commands in taking the pocket-book. "And now I am going to run away."

With that he slid noiselessly down the steps and out again through the alley, speeding on as fast as his feet would carry him, and looking back now and then as though the avenger were at his heels, the darkness deepening on him at every step, for night had descended once more upon the great city.

God pity the homeless wanderer, who looks up to the darkening sky, even in the morning of life, and feels that there is no altar of refuge for him when the night comes on.

CHAPTER XVII.

SHOWING THAT MR. DANVERS' HOUSEKEEPER MIGHT LIKEWISE HAVE A STORY.

Nina DaCosta, for as such she still gave in her name, appeared in due form in the police court, to answer the charges which had been brought against her.

The attorney stated her case explicitly and severely. The lady arraigned before them was a foreigner—a stranger to our laws and customs. Alone in a great city, without a friend or protector, she had accidentally encountered a child who had been stolen from its parents, wandering in an obscure part of the city, in an agonized state of distress and destitution. The little girl's tears had peculiarly touched the homeless woman, and in the fullness of her heart she had hastened to take her to her distracted parents. For this act of mercy, without one criminating circumstance that any rational person could discover, she had been seized by an over-zealous policeman and arraigned before a court of justice, on the vague charge of being in some manner accessory to the abduction. What was the evidence against her?

The child had never seen her until she appealed to her for the protection, which was kindly granted, upon the street. Her conduct at the houses at which she had stopped here had been quiet and orderly in the extreme. The certificates of character found among her papers were, without exception, highly laudatory. It would be a shame upon all rules of equity to detain her longer.

Mr. Leslie promptly paid for her defence, and she was released.

The first interview with Lenox began with a storm of reproach.

"Did you wish to have me rot in a jail," she cried, "that you must throw me like a bomb-shell into the camp of my worst enemy? Nothing but handcuffs kept me from an effort to strangle her in all her ill-gotten power."

"Tush!" said Lenox, with a grim smile, "you women will never have discretion. I wished you, by a sudden *coup*, to prepare the way for what is to follow. She was, as you declare, at first visibly agitated in the presence of her husband. Very well. Little by little we will get him to the point of believing, you see, and by that time we can get together all our evidence. Had you possessed her nerve, and recovered your equanimity as soon as she did, you might have constrained her through fear to lend you the patronage of her distinguished position."

"How did she dare take that position? She, of all the world, to wed into the house that she had betrayed."

"What is it that a woman will not dare when once you arouse her?" he replied. "But she has been going too fast, as she will discover. You got off to-day, as I knew you would, and you have fairly earned your portion of the money. You may have need of it, for her punishment may speedily begin."

"Only tell me how?"

"Through her child."

"Where is he?"

"Ruling the Danvers house as though he were the heir."

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes; he is like her, but has something of the father in his face, too. If she has a mother's heart, we can wring that first."

"Unnatural as she is, she did love the child. But what would you do with him?"

"What was done with Leslie's child, whom you restored? Entice him from her, and do not let him be taken back."

"Ah! why had I never thought of that?" she cried, springing up. "If he be the son of my poor Louis, let me have him. The sooner he is taken from her influence the better. But we can never compass that. The invincible barrier of a great position is between us now, and she would hunt us down."

"Let her know that my hand is in it, and she will not dare."

"But how will you begin?"

"Of that you need not be informed. The child shall be safely in your hands before it is one month older. Self-love is stronger than mother love with her, and when it is gone she will not dare to speak openly, however she may suffer. Only let the consciousness torture her when she lies down at night upon her bed of down that her very flesh and blood, whom she has pampered with every luxury, is in hunger and destitution, sleeping on a curbstone or in a den of robbers."

"Oh, what a head you have!" cried Nina, in involuntary admiration. "My revenge would be as nothing without you."

"Because no woman who acts alone can ever have sufficient caution. Only be quiet until you hear from me again."

Leaving the woman to seek her own lodgings, he returned to the humble boarding-house at which he usually slept, and retired to his room. When he appeared again, after a few hours, the night was already something advanced; but he drew his hat over his brows, and passing out into the street, moved on with the air of a man who had long been inured to hardships or to violent exercise. There was no lagging or weariness in the beat of his tread as regular as that of a drilled soldier. His glance wandered neither to the right nor left as he moved on, with his cloak drawn closely about the lower half of his face, and his slouch hat shading his brows, much as some dainty young man might have done to avoid injury to his complexion from the frosty night air.

At length he too stood in front of Mr. Philip Danvers' residence, from which subdued lights still gleamed over the beautiful grounds, adorned with statuettes and fountains. And as he sauntered slowly down the side wall of the enclosure, against which stood an outer building of smaller dimensions but exactly similar design with the main dwelling, he began to whistle an old national air, with unusual proficiency. When he had reached the rear of the enclosure, however, it became evident that his journey in that direction was ended, for he wheeled suddenly about and walking back, paused before a door in the wall and rapped three times on its panel. Almost immediately afterwards a heavy key turned slowly on the interior, and the door opened cautiously, until the rays of a shaded lamp gleamed out quite across the dark and silent street upon the diamond-paned windows of a house beyond; and Caspar Lenox threw up his hand to shield his dazed vision.

"Confound it, Maude," he muttered, in a suppressed, half angry tone. "Can you never see me but you must bring out a flaming torch that would alarm the whole neighborhood! You are determined to try to throw all the suspicion on me you can, it seems."

A woman of slight and rather graceful figure, clad in a black dress, with a shawl of the same hue drawn about her head and shoulders, stood in the entry with the light held above her eyes, as though to enable her to make sure of the personal identity of her visitor.

"Hush, Caspar, for heaven's sake!" she whispered, glancing anxiously back over her shoulder. "The time and circumstances of such visits are suspicious enough in themselves, heaven knows, in spite of all that I can do to give them the appearance of accident or of common interest. You wish to see me, of course?"

"Rather, I must say, or I should not be here."

"Come, then," answered the woman, "and above all, let your communication be brief. After all that I have endured here for the past month, can you not imagine, Caspar, that I am a little nervous—that I feel every time I hear your whistle out there, a growing presentiment of some irremediable evil to us all."

"I can imagine that you always were, and always will be, a fool," he replied, angrily, as he stepped in and closed the gate after him. "You are a nice——"

"Hush!" she whispered, sharply, in

his ear, as she clutched his arm nervously with her disengaged hand. "I will not stand that. I had rather lose——"

"Does Miriam Danvers yet dream that you are——"

"No! no!" she again interrupted him, "do you suppose that this proud and victorious queen of fashion has any thought to bestow upon the housekeeper of her mother-in-law? Yet it seems to me that to be discovered, and cast out from this last refuge, would scarcely be so torturing as the lying hypocrisy—always in danger of discovery—that I am forced to live out here from day to day."

"Yet you thought you would be better here than you could be in returning to the open discharge of your duty," he replied, in a strangely subdued tone.

"And what was my duty?" she asked, with a bitter laugh.

"To have remained with your husband," he answered, moodily.

"Husband! I have no husband. Did not the law divorce us long ago?"

"I know; but it was all your fault."

"My fault! Then let it be," she cried, "for not even such as *you* could blame a true woman in your heart who refuses to gang with robbers and creatures of her own sex, whose least offence in the eyes of God is to *steal*."

"Could I help the surroundings of my youth?" he replied, angrily. "And how often shall I assure you that my hands are as clean as yours of all those gross offences, which you seem more ready than the rest of the world to lay to my charge. It is enough for me, and should have been for you, that I am innocent. As long as they serve my purpose and help me to my revenge, I will not expose them."

"It matters not to me," she said, wearily. "A sister's interest, you confess, is all that you could claim—you, who have another lawful wife."

"Lawful fiddlesticks!" he ejaculated, with a bitter laugh. "It was, as you have been told, a covenant of hatred to others. A bond of offence and defence between ourselves, that can now be dissolved when we will, for I then believed you dead. What was your object, when you had put the law between us, to leave me with the idea that you were no longer living?"

"Because," she answered. "I had trusted then that I might be enabled to forget as I had been forgotten."

In the meantime she had passed over the marble-paved walk, and mounting the steps of the rear building we have described, the two now passed into a handsomely furnished sitting-room.

"Mary," continued the woman, to a servant girl who was waiting her return, "my brother has stepped in for a few moments. You can go up to my room until I call you."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the girl, with the unmistakable Irish brogue, as she dropped a curtsey to the visitor and passed out; "but I can't say you and your brother are very much alike."

On entering the room, Maude Manning, as this woman will henceforth be known to the reader, had dropped the shawl from about her, and set the lamp upon the table. As she turned to look upon the man who had thus far received a dubious welcome, the light revealed more clearly a woman of medium height, with a quantity of dark waving hair, brushed carelessly back from her temples, crowning a face a little worn by thought or sorrow—perhaps by both, yet still bearing many evidences of unmistakable beauty, together with an expression betokening great firmness and strength of character.

As her eyes rested upon her visitor an unusual light illuminated their soft depths, and the color in her cheeks came and went with a fitfulness painful to behold; for Caspar Lenox, despite the many disadvantages that had so long encompassed him, was still, and in spite of himself, possessed of no small share of that conspicuous personal beauty which had especially characterized him in his earlier youth.

He, too, seemed unusually touched, and half averting his head, the words seemed to escape him almost involuntarily.

"Maude, a man reared in an atmosphere of vice, as I was, could not conquer his whole nature at a single effort. As long as you trusted me I was not wholly bad, for something seemed ever calling me back to you."

"Ah, you never loved me!" she cried, bitterly, clasping her hands before her eyes as though to shut out the very sight of him. "As a boy you won my heart; and when you lay sobbing at my feet, for you were not devoid of feeling in those days, and told me of the stain upon your name and the evil of your surroundings, in my girlish fancy I believed in you, and trusted you to my lasting sorrow. As long as I saw you struggling to separate yourself from the misdemeanors of your youth and to mount upward in the social scale, I encouraged you with all my feeble power. But when you came back from college the accomplished gentleman that your wealthy patron had made you, and you told me of your newborn attachment of Leonora Danvers, you never saw that it cost me a single effort to renounce you as I bade you go to her and claim so gifted a bride, while I would remain the disinterested friend—the sister still."

"But the aristocratic bride and heiress, Leonora Danvers, 'would none o' me,' you remember, and chose her peer in position, that fascinating prince of thieves, Arnold Leslie," replied Caspar, with a bitter laugh," so why do you still harp on that theme?"

"Because," she moaned, "it was so mad in me then to imagine that you could ever care for me, when, in very spite, you came on the day of the wedding to claim my old promise and my hand in marriage. Would to heaven I had died ere I was so cruelly undeceived! They who have loved supremely once can never admit but the one passion into their bosoms."

"I loved you—I know it even then—as I had never loved anything else in this life!" returned the man, with a deep scowl upon his brows, while he bent his glance upon the glowering fire. "I will confess that I was dazzled by the wealth, the beauty and accomplishments of Miss Danvers, and when Arnold Leslie, doubly-dyed hypocrite and villain that he is, had fraudently won the prize for which, as man to man, he had no showing with me, it was *not* disappointed affection, as you afterwards chose to believe, but an inordinate thirst for *revenge* that induced me to resort to what you condemn as unscrupulous means for the working out of my purposes. I may have sacrificed you to my hatred of *him*, because the malignant rather than the tender feelings of my nature had been called into life, and suddenly nurtured from my earliest recollections, but as I hope to live it was not through love of *her*!"

"False, always false, first and last!" moaned the woman, piteously. "Do you forget that you caused her husband, poor, weak fool that he was, to thrust her from his door in the dead of night, and that, fleeing to *you*, she was murdered under the same disgraced roof that sheltered you?"

"It is the sweetest memory of my turbulent life," responded Lenox, savagely, "because I know he dashes his manacled hands against each other in fury at the thought of it as he sits in the darkness of his prison cell to-night! If you were not a woman, and therefore an obstinate fool, Maude, I could tell you something this evening that would convince you I have never been as false to you as I seemed, though it would cause you to regard me as less a man than a *devil*."

"What greater proofs of your wickedness do I want?" she cried, with a look of terror. "Tell me nothing to deepen the loathing I feel for you at this moment. Would you convince me that the murder was done by *your* hand and not his? Would you add that last drop of bitterness to my cup?"

"How?" exclaimed Lenox, springing to his feet with an energy that terrified her. "Believe me the willing companion of renegades and felons, if you will; but would you add the *acme* of infamy to this by professing to believe that I have stained my hands with the blood of a human being, and that being a helpless thing like yourself, a woman?"

"Thank God for those words, Caspar!" she sobbed, while the tears streamed through her thin fingers. "You always awaken the suspicion by some dark insinuations, that I may not understand. Oh, I could almost forgive anything when you assure me you were not at all accessory to that fearful deed!"

"By the eternal! I would never have supposed you would deem me capable of *that!*" he said, musingly. "And yet it may come to it in the end. But if I take a life it must be a *man's*, Maude, and not a woman's."

"Oh, Caspar!" she exclaimed, in a voice wrung with emotion; "the doubt I was weak enough to express just now has flashed over me only when you have spoken as you did just now, but I have banished it as unjust to you. Were this not so, even the miserable mockery of relationship that has occasionally brought us together here would be thrown aside forever with the rest."

"That is if you could gain my consent to the agreement."

"You would not dare interfere!" she replied, passionately; "I gave up all for you when life seemed as true and beautiful as I thought you were, and when I was remorsely set aside I only begged that, under another name, I might spend the remainder of my life aloof from all association with you or yours."

"Hear her!" he cried. "Let a man be fool enough to concede to a woman that she has some claims to his forbearance, and I don't believe she'll ever let him forget it in this world or the next. What greater proof of my deference to your wishes could I have given than when I suffered you, for a mere whim, to separate yourself from me and to come here—*here*, of all places in the world where you have no right to be, and from whence a word of mine could cause you to be cast forth?"

"But that word would cost you your life or liberty, and you dare not speak it!" she exclaimed, excitedly. "You find it better to suffer an idle incumbrance to drift off altogether from you, than through a whim, as you say, to retain it, when it would cost you so much. But why do I bandy words with you? The past is dead, and I, if you will, have buried—yes, eagerly buried—every vestige of it as something too loathsome to look upon. Your visit here to-night is an intrusion. Why have you come, and especially at this inopportune time?"

"Because the messenger I had thought to send to you to-day could not come."

"What messenger?" she asked, coldly.

"That eccentric genius, Moll," he replied, with affected amusement. "The wife of our mutual friend, Ned Payne."

"And you would send those outlaws here!" she exclaimed, with her hands pressed to her throbbing temples, "when a glance of recognition from such a creature would be enough to cast suspicion on the noblest lady in the land!"

"It is of your own choosing that a messenger is required at all," he replied, with something like a smile of triumph.

"And you have even fixed it so that I can have no choice in the matter."

"Then why do you leave me to deal with such material?" he asked, still in a half bantering tone. "With all my advantages of education, and that infinite knowledge of the cunning hypocrisy of our own race, which plunged me so early into a tooth and nail war with them, I find some amusement in watching the development of those utterly untutored natures. Let her be what she is, she is happier to-day than you or I. And Maude, I'll swear it, there are impulses of generosity, or rather of self-sacrifice in her, where her husband is concerned, that would cause you to appear a very iceburg beside her."

"I know nothing of her, and desire to know nothing," replied Maude, in a weary, heart-broken tone. "She may be what you call happier than I am, because she has no conscience."

"Granted!" he returned bitterly, "she has no conscience, as you moralists term the vague and uncertain superstitions of the enlightened. She violates a code of laws of which she is in blissful ignorance and is happy as before. We have a 'conscience,' if you please—at least we are endowed with some knowledge of the forbidden fruit—nevertheless, we reach out our hands to pluck it, and the thorns rend our flesh, and we suffer a thousand indefinable torments. She is then better off without a conscience than we are with it."

"Such sophistry may do for her 'untutored soul,' as you termed it, but it cannot pass with me."

"No," returned Lenox, with a shrug of his broad shoulders. "You can afford to moralize, but she has been trained to be an unquestioning instrument in her husband's hands. He bids her go here, or there, and she obeys. He says to her 'do this,' and she does it, as you, Maude, never could or would have done, no matter how deep the 'poetic tenderness,' which your *superior nature* might have entertained for one you had sworn to love, honor and obey."

"And he is training her for the gallows," said Maude, solemnly.

"As well, or better that, perhaps, than the gutter in which he found her, at ten years of age, crouched down, half clad in the snow, beside the carcass of a creature whom she still clung to as 'mother,' and who had died there 'in a fit of delerium tremens.'" replied Lenox, moodily. "She has all the low cunning of practical vice, it is true; but if there is one thing, by heaven, that she should be esteemed for, it is that she does not recognize the necessity of putting on, over her very short dresses, the convenient, but to men like me, the often too transparent garb of an over punctilious virtue."

"Ah, this grows worse and worse," sobbed the unhappy woman. "Why could you not at least leave me in the belief that faith, even in you, was not impossible?"

"It is you who wilfully murder that belief," he said, suddenly looking up at her. "Maude, Maude, if anything could ever have overcome the evil in me, it would have been you. What is there of possible sympathy between any other living thing and myself? Maude, I did not come here to urge upon you the subject that has been so long dropped, by mutual agreement between us; but something stronger than ourselves compels me to ask it again. Come back to me! I promise you nothing, only come back and try me once more."

"Come back!" cried Maude, bitterly. "When you have another wife! Come back in the face of the open shame of which you boast! There are no tortures, no death that would not be sweet compared to that?"

Perhaps she was sorry for this retort, though heaven knows, even he could not condemn her, when she saw the swift return of stormy and evil passions into his countenance, that had been almost beautiful in its flush of tenderness before, for her hands dropped with almost lifeless listlessness to her side.

"Forgive me!" he said, with severe irony. "I had forgotten for the moment where I was. How do I know at what price you retain the capricious favor of this great house? Their corrupt race have paid very dearly for the smiles that have had power to lure them."

"Have you finished?" asked Maude, sternly, rising and pointing towards the door. "It grows late."

"Not exactly," he returned, with bitter feigned coldness. "I came here, as you guessed, on business. You have told me of the visible antipathy between Mr. Philip Danvers and this modern Jezebel, his son's wife. But it is of the child that I would especially inquire to-night. What are his amusements, who are his attendants, and where does he go?"

"And suppose," replied the woman, facing him once more, "that I refuse to answer you, refuse to remain here and betray the secrets of this house to you or any other?"

"Then," returned Lenox, slowly, with a dark scowl upon his bent brows, "I, too, will show something of which a desperate will may be capable. I will lock that door and remain here with you until Philip Danvers himself shall be called to have it opened, though by so doing, I should change places, ere to-morrow's sun has set, with Arnold Leslie."

"Do it then, and I swear to you though I had the strength of Samson I would not put a hand to prevent it!" she cried, as she still stood trembling before him. "Let it all be over; the quicker the better."

"High words," he answered, scornfully; "but they weigh little with me. You have an object in staying here, and you will not lightly sacrifice that, I know."

And in truth his words seemed to recall some forgotten thought, for a look of fear, if not of submission, was instantly visible in expression and manner.

"Why do you ask?" she faltered. "What would you learn? He is a turbulent bad boy—a terror to all the household, save poor, blinded Eugene."

"I know," replied Lenox. "One could expect nothing less. Does he visit you often?"

"God forbid!" exclaimed Maude, hurriedly.

"You would consider him a bad associate for your little nephew, whom, by the way, you have never let me see," said Lenox. "Well, perhaps you are right, but he cannot hurt me, and I must manage to see him often henceforth, by fair means or foul. Who is his most constant attendant?"

"The French maid, Allaine."

"The French d—l, who?" he exclaimed, eagerly, springing to his feet, as though he had been shot.

The woman repeated.

"Ah, then, by Heaven!" said Lenox, joyfully, "the way is open to me. I ask nothing easier. It is the same Allaine Rockford, who has been so mysteriously hid from justice, I know—a woman who stabbed her husband's mistress in the camps, and would have turned her murderous blade upon him, had not the guards from whom she eventually escaped, dragged her away. And she is the confidential maid of Mrs. Danvers, and attendant of Master Cecil Dupre?"

"Yes."

"What a woman! What a woman," he exclaimed, in a half soliloquy. "Yet I shall close in on her from every quarter until she surrenders. The task will be far easier henceforth than I had hoped. And now, since you weary of the interview, I can bid you good night."

"And we are to meet no more?" she asked piteously.

"I cannot tell," he answered, coldly. "You may remain unconscious of my existence after to-night, or I may write or come to you still, for I have told you I scruple not to make men, angels or devils serve this one purpose of my life."

"You are still bent then on the same dark purpose," she said, again resting her small, almost transparent hand upon his arm. "Even now it may not be too late to return."

"Cease," he exclaimed, roughly, as he arose and shook off her touch. "Can I carry you back to what you were when I first crossed your path? Can I remember what I might have been to-night had Arnold Leslie never wrought his foul treachery, and still blot out all the intervening years? As well seek to still the tumult of the ocean, which comes to us even here, with its never ceasing plaint."

"Ah! spare me! In pity spare me! Let me have the hope that animates me to pray for you still," she sobbed.

"It will be in vain," he replied, sullenly. "Let me drift out to my doom, I see it ahead. But in that last hour let me think of you as anchored safely in some harbor of rest. Your reproachful face will only sink me deeper and deeper; don't let me see it. Or, at least, if you must pray, Maude, let it be that you may banish me wholly from your heart, as too vile to find a shadow of refuge there."

He had strode to the door, as he spoke, and stood for a moment looking out at the sombre night. Then he took up his hat hurriedly, as though afraid to trust himself to speak further, and went out. She followed him to the gate to close it after him.

"Caspar——"

"Good night."

He was gone, and the street had ceased to echo his footsteps when she turned back into the house, and ascended the stairway that led to her private rooms. The servant girl sat dozing by the hearth.

"Ah, Mary, I have kept you waiting, you can go to your own room."

"Yes, ma'am, for sure an' my eyes are nearly out."

"Is St. Julian asleep?"

"Faith, and he is—as sound as a dollar!"

"Thank you. Good night."

And as the girl went out, she closed and locked the door, and tottering towards a low bed, turned the covering until the fair face of a sleeping child met her tender gaze.

"Oh, my darling! my darling!" she cried, sinking down on her knees, and pressing her pale lips to the glowing cheek. "There is no hope—no hope, but to hide your very existence still, as the grand secret of my life, from your unnatural father!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

MASTER CECIL DUPRE TAKES A FANCY TO A CIRCUS COMPANY.

It was a very brief communication that caused Allaine, the attendant of Mrs. Miriam Danvers, to fall upon her knees in the privacy of her own room, while her whole frame seemed convulsed with an agony of fear. She had just opened a letter addressed to herself, which she had smilingly fancied a *billet-doux* from Paris, who had been absent for a few days with his master, when the following lines met her startled gaze:

"Your post as lady's maid is, as you see, fully known to me. You know, too, that I am fully possessed of the whole story of your attempted murder of Laura Desloux and your husband. If you obey my commands to the letter, I shall make no attempt to give you up to justice, or to interfere with you in any manner. Refuse, and the police shall have their hands securely on you this time, before you could leave your room. You know enough of me to be aware that you cannot trifle with me.

"Come to-day to —— street, No. 611, and ask for 'Tom Robinson,' as my friends all know me now. Mark this! I must and will see you, but the business concerns myself and not you. I shall look for you at five this afternoon.

"CASPAR LENOX."

Abject fright deprived her for a moment of the power of speech or thought. A coward by nature always, except in the one instance, when, as has been hinted, the fierce passion of jealousy had driven her to attempt the life of a rival, she had lived ever since in continual dread of retribution through an earthly law. And Miriam Danvers who had seen, and cleverly shielded her at the time, that she might hold her over afterwards as an unscrupulous instrument in her own hands, had fostered the idea of the enormity of her crime and her own power to deliver her up to punishment and even death.

That Caspar Lenox was likewise aware of the deed she had committed, and might, with equal relentlessness, bring her to justice, she knew full well. In consequence of this she had used every art to conceal herself from him, and had, until this very moment, believed that he was now separated from her, beyond all possibility of any chance encounter in this life. And the fact that he had hunted her down, and was at this very moment holding the sword of justice above her head, had for a time almost deprived her of her reason.

From the first, she had no thought of attempting to escape him. Had she been less a stranger in the country than she was, she would have still believed that an impossibility. The first confused train of reasoning that came to her was how she might serve two masters and escape destruction from one or both. She feared the masculine authority and superior knowledge of Caspar Lenox, but on the other hand she had begun to regard Miriam Danvers as a witch, in league with supernatural powers from the nether world. If she remained faithful to her mistress and disregarded his command, she felt assured, from her past knowledge of the man, that she would be instantly given up to condign punishment; or again, let her correspondence with him be ever so secret, would not Miriam, whom they had all so far been entirely unable to outwit, at once discover it!

What could Caspar Lenox want. After all it might be some affair of his own, in no way connected with her mistress, and in that event there need be no betrayal of trust or confidence on her part.

An hour's reflection decided her that she had best obey his summons. And accordingly, in the afternoon, she readily obtained permission to go out; and, as soon as she was free, hastened as fast as her feet and the street cars could carry her to the required address. Out of breath and trembling in every nerve, she came upon Lenox half an hour before the appointed time.

"Ah," he said, with a grim smile, "I am glad to find that you had discretion enough to obey me. Be seated, you look tired."

"Why have you brought me here?" cried Allaine, bitterly. "Do you guess what a torture my life is with her? What wrong have I ever done you?"

"None. I wish you to do me a service."

"Ah, *mon Dieu!* but it is something impossible, or why should you threaten me?"

"I threatened merely to show you my power. The work itself is nothing, as you will find, that will involve you in any difficulty, and if you perform it you seal my lips. As for Miriam Danvers, she will never dare betray you."

"Ah, you do not know her," faltered Allaine. "She would slay me with her own cruel white hands, if she believed I ever could have a thought of betraying her."

"Let her alone," cried Lenox, sharply. "I don't want you to betray her. Leave that to me. It is of the child I would speak."

"And what of him?"

"You have the charge of him, generally?"

"Yes."

"Do you ever take him to ride or walk?"

"Y-e-s."

"Then it is easily done. I wish you to bring him here to-morrow—frequently—every day, if you can."

"How?" she exclaimed, in terror. "bring *him here! Mon Dieu!* it is impossible. The child would tell. She would learn all, and slay me!"

"Pshaw! don't make yourself a fool!" said Lenox, shortly, "and you can hardly hope to make me one. The boy, they tell me, is naturally wild and vicious, grows heartily sick of the great house, and would be out on any pretext. I can readily amuse him and bribe him to be silent. His unnatural mother sees him but seldom, and she will never think to inquire."

"Ah, *mon Dieu!* you don't know her," began Allaine, again.

"Know her or not," cried Lenox, bringing his fist down heavily upon the table by which he sat, "it must be done, or all the power that Miriam Danvers ever could possess shall not save you *one hour from the gallows*. You have tact enough when you will. What is to prevent your taking the boy out to ride, and bringing him here?"

"The driver will know—Monsieur Eugene takes him sometimes. Oh! there are a thousand difficulties!" cried the woman, despairingly.

"Let it be worse than the twelve tasks of Hercules," replied Lenox, sternly. "Yet, I repeat, it *must* be done. Now, listen to me. The boy must come here at some hour within the next two days, or you go to jail. You can take your choice."

The choice was made, and the superiority of Lenox's power or judgment affirmed by the appearance of Master Cecil Dupre within the allotted time. The splendid dress and really beautiful face of the child attracted no little attention in that humble quarter of the town; but the ready wit of Allaine explained it to the satisfaction of all, until it ceased to excite comment, and whatever difficulties may have existed at home, they were likewise overcome, for Master Cecil made his appearance almost daily, and he and Lenox soon grew to be fast friends. Did Allaine suspect the motives of the latter? She had not questioned him, nor would he have deemed it prudent to satisfy her had she done so; but the frequently worn and haggard expression of her face might have touched even him with pity, had he been less intent upon his own brooding schemes.

Lenox now purchased every novelty in the way of a toy that he could discover. He related exciting fictions, suited to the boy's age, taste and comprehension, with scarcely less effect than Othello exercised over Desdemona; he introduced or invented new games, of which the child knew nothing, and even established a sort of shooting gallery in his room, where he instructed him in the use of a pistol.

It is needless to say that Cecil was in raptures with his new acquaintance, and readily promised to preserve the most inviolable secrecy with regard to it; for policy rather than principle held him to his obligation. These stolen interviews were to him by far the most attractive feature of his existence; and, indeed, he began to look forward to them with such eager zest, that Allaine was in constant terror lest he should commit himself or her by some inadvertent admission. And, indeed, had not the child possessed a shrewdness and cunning above one in a thousand, he must inevitably have done so. Once only, when he had grown feverishly impatient to escape from Eugene, who was detaining him to exhibit some curious and costly gift, had he given especial cause for alarm to his anxious attendant.

"Let me go," he said, turning away his head with an angry frown. "I don't want to see them. I have finer fun every day. They are not half so pretty as the things Tom Robinson gets for me!"

"And who is Tom Robinson, pray?" asked Eugene, with a laugh.

"A man who keeps a toy shop," replied Allaine quickly, giving the boy a pinch upon the arm, which he was, fortunately for her, sharp enough to understand. "I have taken him there sometimes, and the man is kind enough to exhibit his wares to him with the hope that he may buy something."

"That is not true," roared Cecil, growing recklessly angry, as he fancied his new friend's character assailed. "You know he buys them all, and allows me to play with them as I choose."

"I think mamma and I will have to set up shop," said Eugene, pulling one of his bright curls.

"Well, I shan't go to it," retorted the boy. "You haven't sense enough to tell all the pretty stories, and I don't love you half so well."

Allaine hurried her charge from the room under the pretext of "ill manners," and threatened never to take him out again; but the boy was growing rather too much for her, likewise.

"If you don't," he answered, "I will tell mamma how often we have been there, and how you made me promise not to tell her. I could take her to the very house, if I wanted to." And in an hour more he was relating his triumph to "Tom Robinson" with a laugh.

After a while Lenox began to leave Allaine behind, or send her against her will to chat with a French shopkeeper over the way, while he took the boy out for a stroll. Occasionally he visited Nina DaCosta, of whom he grew quite fond, because Lenox had recommended her as a "very nice woman."

At last he took him to a circus.

"This is the best of all," cried the boy, delightedly. "We will come every day. Oh! how I should like to ride January, and grow up to be a clown!"

"A noble ambition," replied Caspar Lenox, with a smile, followed by a start. "And so you would like to see these fine horses and wonderful tricks every day?"

"Yes," cried Cecil, excitedly. "It is so much nicer than being shut up in a stupid, fine old house with a few rum old people, who want you to whisper and go on tip-toe all the time. When I get larger I am going to run away."

"How would you like to have me along?" said Lenox. "We could roam over the country together, and go to the circus every day if we wished, and have such a jolly time."

"It would be nicer than any fairy story," returned the child, clapping his hands.

"Do you think so?" replied Lenox, with a flash of triumph. "Well, we may try it very soon, if you will be particularly close and sharp, and never call my name again at home. Come to me to-morrow, or the next day at furthest, and I will tell you how we can arrange it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MAN is designed for an active being, and his spirit, ever restless, if not employed upon worthy and dignified objects, will often rather engage in mean and low pursuits, than suffer the tedious and listless feelings connected with indolence; and knowledge is no less necessary in strengthening the mind, than in preserving the purity of the affections and the heart.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

We have already more than once stated to inquirers what are the seven wonders of the world, but having again received some communications on the subject, we give the following very full account of them, which we hope will be of interest to all, and to which we will refer all future inquirers:

Among the seven wonders of the world, in ancient times, the *first* was reckoned to be the Pyramids of Egypt, the supposed tombs of monarchs who flourished from the fourth to the twelfth dynasty. These are seventy in number, of different sizes, in between twenty-nine and thirty degrees north latitude, with square bases and triangular sides. The Hanging Gardens of Semiramis, at Babylon, was the second wonder. Their construction is variously ascribed to Queen Semiramis, and to Nebuchadnezzar, seven centuries later, but still more than five centuries B. C., and are said to have been made for the gratification of the Median queen, Amytis, because the Babylonian plain seemed dreary to her in comparison with the varied and romantic scenery of her native land. They are said to have formed a square, with an area of four acres, but rising in terraces curiously constructed with stone pillars, across which were placed stones, covered with reeds and bitumen, and again with bricks united with cement; above these, sheets of lead, to prevent moisture from flowing down, and, finally, a sufficient layer of earth; the summit being elevated three hundred feet above the base, so that at a distance the whole presented the appearance of a pyramidal wooded hill. A reservoir at the top irrigated the gardens and fed the numerous fountains. These fountains, as well as banqueting rooms, were distributed throughout the numerous terraces; groves and avenues of trees, as well as parterres of flowers, diversified the scene; whilst the view of the city and neighborhood was extensive and magnificent.

Then came the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus. This was originally built by Chersiphron, but after its destruction by Herostratus, on the night when Alexander the Great was born (356 B. C.), was rebuilt by the inhabitants in a style of greater splendor than before, the very women contributing their ornaments to secure necessary funds. Still two hundred years elapsed before it was completed. It was the largest Greek temple ever constructed. Its length was four hundred and twenty-five feet, its width two hundred and twenty feet; the number of its columns one hundred and twenty-eight, of which thirty-six were carved, and their height sixty feet. It had an area more than four times that of the Parthenon at Athens, and even the Olympium was only about two-thirds as great. Its principal interest centred in the numberless statues and pictures which it contained, executed by the best masters of Greece. It was destroyed by the Goths in 260 A. D.

The statue of Jupiter, in the Temple at Athens, was the *fourth* wonder. It was made of ivory and gold, and the work of Phidias. The Mausolem, the tomb erected at Harlicarnassus to Mausolus, King of Caria, by his disconsolate widow, Artemesia, 353 B. C., was another of these wonders. It was one of the most magnificent monuments of the kind. It was described by Pliny and other ancient writers as late as the twelfth century, and was probably overthrown by an earthquake at some time during the two following centuries. The Mausoleum consisted of a basement one hundred and twenty-six by one hundred feet and sixty-five feet high, on which stood an Ionic colonnade twenty-three and a half feet high, surmounted by a pyramid, rising in steps to a similar height, and on the apex of which stood a colossal group, about fourteen feet high, of Mausolus and his wife Quadriga (the supposed work of Scopas). The total height given by Pliny is one hundred and forty feet.

The Colossus of Rhodes, a gigantic figure representing Phœbus, the national deity of the Rhodians, was the *sixth*. It is said to have been commenced by Chares, of Lindus, a famous pupil of Lysippus, and terminated by Laches. It was formed of metal, cast in separate pieces, a process which lasted twelve years, and was completed 280 B. C. Its height is doubtful, some making it ninety feet, others ninety and even one hundred and five cubits. It stood sixty years, and was destroyed finally by an earthquake. The *seventh* was the Pharos of Alexandria, the most celebrated lighthouse of ancient times, erected 280 B. C., on the island of Pharos of Alexandria.

GUILT, though it may attain temporal splendor, can never confer real happiness; the evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commissions, and like the ghost of the murdered, forever haunt the steps of the malefactor; while the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.

THE REVIEWER.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FROM CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER, Philadelphia, "Uncle John," by J. E. Whyte Melville. A capital "society" novel, one of those bright, and entertaining stories which everybody enjoys. Published by D. Appleton & Co., Broadway, New York.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & BRO., Philadelphia, "Clara Lake's Dream," by Mrs. Henry Wood. One of those marvelously and ingeniously constructed novels, so characteristic of the author, which cannot fail to be read with interest by all who delight in her writings.

FROM W. B. ZIEBER, Philadelphia, "Blackwood's Magazine" for September; also, "The Westminster Review" for July. Leonard Scott's American editions.

FROM J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philadelphia, "The Leech Club; or, The Mysteries of the Catskills," by George W. Owen. It is full of startling adventures and dramatic scenes, set off by a racy, vigorous style and striking and novel thought. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass. "American Pioneers and Patriots," consisting of biographies of Captain William Kidd, the American buccaneer, and other pirates, by John S. C. Abbott. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York. "By Still Waters." A Story for Quiet Hours, by Edward Garrett. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York.

SWEETS OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

BY MARGARET SWAYNE.

A babe at rest on mother's breast,
Too young to smile or weep,
Conscious of naught but mother's love—
So sweet is infant's sleep.

A child at play in meadows green,
Plucking the fragrant flowers,
Chasing the bright wing'd butterflies—
So sweet are childhood's hours.

A maiden fair as early dawn,
Radiant with every grace,
Gladd'ning the eye that looks on her—
So sweet is beauty's face.

A softly blushing, downcast look,
Murmur of startled dove,
Answering another's tender word—
So sweet is maiden's love.

A white-robed virgin kneeling low,
Before God's altar bows,
Forever join'd two hearts and hands—
So sweet are marriage vows.

A youthful mother bending o'er
Her first-born beauteous boy,
Forever here till death shall part—
So sweet a mother's joy.

A matron in life's autumn-time,
With young life clustered o'er,
Her children's children clasp her knees—
So rich is autumn's store.

An aged form, whose dimming eyes
Foretell departing breath,
Are closed by grateful, loving hands—
So sweet is peaceful death.

Six feet of grass-grown flow'ry sod
On earth's kind shelt'ring breast,
Forever freed from grief and pain—
So sweet eternal rest.

A NOCTURNAL VISITOR;

OR,

AN ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER.

BY QUI HI.

During one of our shooting excursions in India, we moved our camp to a place called Belaspoor, where there was a bungalow built by a sporting collector of the district, known by the sobriquet of "Tiger Tom," not because his disposition at all resembled that crafty and ferocious animal, but from the number of them he had killed.

One month every year—generally in April—Tiger Tom used to make up a party, and come to this bungalow, that he might pursue his favorite sport without having far to go in search of it. These entertainments were much enjoyed by his friends, for Tiger Tom was a facetious fellow, told capital stories, and always had an unlimited supply of Bass or Allsopp.

For some time back the bungalow had been unoccupied and neglected, Tiger Tom having been carried off, not by one of his opponents, but by an equally dangerous foe—jungle fever. Now and then it was occupied for a few days by sportsmen from the neighboring stations, but very rarely; and it certainly presented a very desolate appearance as we rode up to it.

Long-neglected houses suffer in any country; but in this climate, with its moist soil, hot sun, and heavy rainy seasons, vegetation spreads with inconceivable speed, and the jungle had grown up to the very walls on the east and south sides. The house seemed to be stuck on the edge of a very dense jungle which stretched in the quarters I have mentioned, as far as the eye could reach; and one could not look at it without thinking of tigers and serpents, and all manner of wild beasts.

Riding to our tent, which was pitched under a tree at some distance from the bungalow, we bathed, dressed, and had our breakfast, and then strolled over to take a closer look at the place. To our surprise we found it occupied, for, on our approach, a mongrel cur, half-pariah and half bull dog, set up a furious barking, and brought out a European sergeant, his half-caste wife, and a couple of children.

He told us in an unmistakably Irish accent that his name was Murphy—that he was in charge of a salt station some dozen or so of miles away; that he had come there that very morning for a little shooting, and had brought his family for a change and "divarsion," not knowing that the bungalow was so dangerously near the jungle.

We dismounted and examined the place, and then the following colloquy was held:

"But how did you travel, Sergeant Murphy; and where are your servants and traps?"

"Och! yer honors, the natives (bad luck to the dirty spalpeens), who drove the cart and attinded my powney, were frightened for wild bastes, and wouldn't stay at no price; so I sent them to a village two miles off, where they're to wait till I send for them. Only that chap," pointing to a servant in the verandah, "agreed to stay till evening to cook for us."

"Well, my good fellow," I said, "it *does* look like a place for wild beasts, and I feel pretty sure your bullocks and pony, and perhaps the natives, would have been devoured by tigers if you had attempted to keep them here. I would recommend you leaving the place, too, without delay, as your wife and children are not safe even in the day time—there may be lots of snakes about these ruins."

"Oh, we'll take care of ourselves, yer honor; and I've a nate gun here that'll astonish the wake minds of the craturs if they come nigh us. I'll sind yer honors a bunnch of venison that I'm expecting to get, if ye'll condishind to accept it."

"Don't count your chickens before they are hatched, Murphy," said H——, laughing, "deer are not so easily shot in this thick jungle; and I would advise you to take care, for you may come upon a tiger quite as readily."

Sergeant Murphy declared he was not afraid, but we would not leave him without a promise—his wife joining her entreaties to ours—that he would keep very near the house and on the skirts of the jungle.

At dinner time we sent over some things to help out the commissariat of the sergeant and his family, which we suspected would not be superabundant.

On looking out just before going to bed, I saw a light glimmering in the bungalow, which was about a quarter of a mile distant, but there was no sound to disturb the still night.

After paying a visit to our horses, and warning the saises and grass-cutters to watch by turns, and keep up a good fire (the materials for which had been collected in the afternoon), in case of nocturnal visits, we turned in.

It must have been some two or three hours after that I was awoke by the call of "Sahib! Sahib!" just outside the canvas near which I lay, and on rousing myself sufficiently to remember where I was, for I was far away in my dreams, I recognized the voice of Kurreem Bux, Selim's sais. "There must be something wrong at the bungalow, sir, for I hear shouting as if for assistance."

H—— was by this time sitting up in his bed, listening, and we simultaneously jumped up and hurriedly dressed, ordering the lantern to be got ready. Snatching up our double-barreled guns, which were always kept ready loaded with ball, we hurried towards the bungalow, followed by some of our people, one of whom led the way with the lantern, for there was no moon and the light of the stars rather confused than aided us.

We were at no loss for the direction to go in, for the shouting of our friend Murphy guided us, and we were soon near enough to hear him say in his broadest brogue, but with some agitation in his tongue:

"Halloa, gintlemen, will ye come and kill the teeger that's got into the house? We'll all be murthered and aten entirely."

Alarmed as we really were at this, we could scarcely refrain from laughing at the odd accents and speech of Murphy, but calling out that we were coming we ran on, not without some dread, however, lest we should come suddenly upon the animal, which we supposed, of course, to be outside the house (and not in) as stated by the sergeant.

On the side that we approached there was no jungle, nor was there any verandah to the house. The light of the lantern enabled us to see that there was a venetian door closed, and on one side of it was a small round hole such as is common in bath-rooms to admit air and light. It was from this aperture the voice of Murphy came, and we could just distinguish his hairy visage half through it.

On our inquiring where he had seen or heard the tiger, he said:

"Sure, and ain't the big baste at this blessed minute in our bid-room a cracking and crunching the bones of poor Kerry, and only a thin door betwane us, and the wife and the childer like to die from fright."

"How did he get in?"

"Oh, I'll till ye all about it in good time if ye'll only shoot the baste; but if ye don't make haste he'll be ating us, and thin I can't till ye at all, at all."

"But how are we to do that? Is there another door like this on the opposite side?"

"Yis; but it's my belaif the big divil has shut to the door with his tail whilst whisking about after poor Kerry—pace be to his manes!—or else his manners, may be, will have taught him to close the door politely after him; anywise, it's my impression he can't get out agin."

Wondering at the Irish love of joking even in such extremity, H—— and I consulted what we should do. Listening at the closed door, we could distinctly hear a large animal moving about in the room, and as we could not see the faintest glimmer of light through the chinks of the not very sound jamils (venetians), Murphy's surmise that the opposite door was closed appeared quite correct. We knew it was worse than useless to fire into the room before we could see to take aim, as we not only might miss the brute altogether, but should infuriate him, so that in his boundings he might burst open the bathing-room, when the consequences would be fearful. So the only plan, evidently, was to wait as patiently as we could for daylight, when, if the animal remained in the room, we could soon settle him.

We had to wait an hour before the faintest streak of gray appeared in the eastern sky. In tropical countries the light comes and goes very rapidly, and there was soon enough for our operations after the dawn had once begun. We opened one of the jamils, and when our eyes was accustomed to the dim light discovered a huge tiger lying on the floor, very much in the attitude of an uneasy cat who has made her way into the dairy, and waits for the door to be opened to spring out. The noise we made, slight as it was, made the brute jump up and turn to glare fiercely at us. It was just the attitude we wanted. Hastily arranging which should aim at the head and which at the chest, we leveled and fired all four barrels. When the smoke had cleared away we saw the grim monarch of the jungle stretched dead, and we shouted a triumphant pean, which soon brought Murphy and his family out, though the children screamed at the sight of the dead animal.

Murphy opened the door through which we had fired, and we entered and soon discovered the mystery of the animal's entrance and detention. The opposite door (which Murphy assured us he had fastened) had a bolt only at the bottom, the top one having fallen out, but there was no socket, or whatever it is called, to receive it. The bolt had thus dropped down *unfastened*, and Murphy thought it was all right, not perceiving the real state of the case. The dog—some small remnants of which were still unconsumed—must have gone out at hearing the noise made by the tiger in the verandah, and rushed back in alarm, followed by the hungry beast. The table, which lay against the door, and kept it closed, must have been thrown down (shutting the door at the same time) either in the struggle between the tiger and its victim, or by the sergeant and his wife as they rushed, each with a child, into the bathing-room. Fortunately for the helpless creatures, the unwelcome visitor was too intent upon seizing the dog to notice them, so that they had time to escape into the only place of shelter at hand, Murphy, in his haste and fright, forgetting all about his gun, which rested against the wall in a corner of the room.

The sun was now up, and there was no fear of any more unpleasant occurrences for some hours at least; so, making our people drag the carcass out of the room and obliterate the marks of the struggle as much as possible, we left the Murphys, promising to send for their servant and conveyances, so that they might leave the place at once, even Sergeant Murphy acknowledging that he had had enough of it.

"All the gould of India," said he, "wouldn't timpt me to keep the wife and childer in this draiky house another night; no, not if I'd be made guvernor of ould Ireland for it. And poor Kerry, if he could spake, which he can't, being aten up entirely—letting alone his being but a dumb baste—would say the same."

THE world often for us takes hue and aspect from the predominant state of our spirit; it seems summerly or winterly, dark or bright, according to the change of our inward times and seasons. We breathe upon it the summer power or winter power that makes it seem as we are.

MURDER WILL OUT.

BY AN EX-DETECTIVE.

I was for many years a detective in the Victoria police, in Australia, and though since then I have been in various parts of the world, and have had some pretty hard cases, I once had a matter to find out on the very slightest information received, which required all my skill and all the resources of my long experience. I think it well deserves a place among the detective notabilia which have of late years furnished such curious illustrations of the science of crime-discovery:

There lived in the town of H—— an oldish man, who was reported to have made somewhere a good "pile." He was a thorough hermit; seldom stirred out, except to go to the store and buy a few necessaries, for which he always paid, and never was known to beat down or haggle about the price of anything. This naturally led to the surmise that he had plenty of money. Near him lived another single man in a slab and bark hut; he was a shoemaker by trade, but in a small township like this his customers were but few, and his livelihood precarious. He was known to be as poor as his neighbor was supposed to be rich, and was as much dependent on the forbearance of his creditors as the other was on his ready money. Between these two solitary men, living on the river side, there sprung up a strangely intimate friendship; always after breakfast, often through the day and regularly at night, they had their pipe together, sometimes with a pannikin of tea only, at others with a glass of grog. There was a dim mystery hanging over the supposed rich man's history; where he had come from, or how he had made his money no one knew, and his churlish ways forbad any one to ask him; he and the shoemaker were all the world to each other, and beyond that neither seemed to care anything. In this uniform, but curious mode of life, weeks and months passed away; the only difference observable being, that although Stevens, the shoemaker, had no more customers than formerly, he now seemed to have money always at command, and not only paid off his old scores but had ready money for all he needed.

One morning, however—it was in the winter season, and the Glenelg was rolling its turbulent waters, muddy and swift, down to the sea—the old man's hut was not opened; wood splitters passing by observed that the old hermit was not sunning himself and smoking his "cutty" as usual, and that night Stevens came running into the township greatly excited, and calling on Mr. T. at the inn, told him that, not having seen old Jeffrey all the day, he had forced an entrance into the hut, but that the old man was not there, and what had become of him he did not know. A policeman, for H. is a police station, was immediately sent to take charge of the hut until the magistrates should make inquiry. Some days after the inquiry was made, but nothing came of it, further than the suspicion that Jeffrey had met with foul play. Still nothing was proved, nor could be proved, until the body could be found; for eccentric as the old man was, who could say he had not got up in the night, and as suddenly started from H., as he had once suddenly made his appearance there? As soon as intelligence of this affair reached headquarters at Melbourne, the matter was placed in my hands, with instructions to exercise my own discretion in my proceedings, absolving me from all disgrace if I failed, and promised me one hundred pounds if I succeeded. My plan was adopted after much consideration, and I have no reason to regret the steps I took, as will be seen in the sequel.

I took the little steamer Western, Captain Lucas, in Portland, 260 miles, and after stopping a day or two at Mac's celebrated hotel, I started by the mail for the far interior.

After three days' journey I arrived at H. as a "traveler," looking for a job of work; I had a tolerably heavy swag, and this, with my pannikin and billy, gave me all the appearance of a *bona fide* one. I went straight up to the bar, had my nobbler, lighted my pipe, and then sat down outside to consider my next movement. It was necessary I should have some one in my confidence, but I resolved not to trust the local police, as in these remote stations their life of idleness often makes them loafers and gossips. I resolved to call Mr. T., the hotel-keeper and postmaster, aside—he had been an officer in the army many years—and tell him my errand.

I did so—never was secret better kept—and returned as if nothing had occurred. Towards evening the bar was pretty full, and I took the opportunity of saying publicly to Mr. T. that I was out of work, that I was a groom, that I did not want to go on a station, and should be glad of a chance job. He at once told me to go to his stables and tell his foreman to take me on as an extra stable hand. I gave Mr. T. my swag to take care of; it contained my uniform, and my authority from headquarters to act as a detective. He understood all, and that was sufficient.

As groom I remained here seven months; able for a long while to do nothing; but feeling more and more confident that the general suspicion of Stevens was well founded. Of course I became intimate with him, but only in the evenings when my work was done; in all respects I acted as an ordinary groom, receiving my weekly wages, and carefully avoiding everything that might lead anyone to suppose I was anything but a groom. Often have I laughed within myself as a mounted trooper has ridden up, and called me to take his horse and give him a feed; however, I kept my own counsel, and little by little light dawned upon my track.

Over the never-failing pipe I had frequent conversations with Stevens about this old man; on such occasions he would generally fix his eyes upon the ground, which gave me the opportunity to watch him the more narrowly. I could then see the nervous twitchings of his face, the biting of his lip, and the sudden passing of his handkerchief across his brow, which convinced me that he knew more of this affair than I did. Frequently, at the close of our conversations, in which Stevens was making those unconscious self-revelations, would he say: "I hate talking of this dismal subject, let's have another glass." On such occasions he always said, "I'll shout; you are only a groom, I can afford it better than you."

Gradually he took to regular drinking; morning, noon and night he was to be found at the bar. When joked about his finances he always had his answer ready: he had sold his horse, or an old mate had called and given him some cash. So long, however, as he "shouted" freely, few cared where the money came from. My eyes, however, were steadily fixed on his drinking habits as the clue to my researches. Summer was now coming on; though it was a late summer, it was a regular hot Australian one; and in the course of a few weeks the Glenelg began to dry up, and its long chain of waterholes to appear.

Now was the time for ascertaining whether the remains of the old man were to be found in any of the water-holes in the neighborhood of H., and one evening as I was talking to Stevens about this, I said, "you or I may as well try and find the remains of Jeffrey, and so lay claim to the Government reward." I noticed this gave him quite a turn; and although he tried to conceal it, I saw that he trembled all over, and though generally very mild spoken, he got quite angry with me, and told me I might do what I liked, but he wasn't so fond of looking after dead men, especially if they were murdered. I replied, "No one said that Jeffrey was murdered; you have always said he made away with himself." "I thought so once, but now, the more I think over the matter, the more convinced I am that he was murdered." "That has to be proved," said I, "and to prove it we must first find the remains, and as the river dries up I have no doubt we shall find them in *one of the water holes near his hut.*" This was not exactly a guess, but was a conclusion arrived at thus: first, Stevens was a slight-built man, and, supposing him to have been the murderer, could not have carried Jeffrey far, and secondly, every one knows that murderers seldom have nerve or forethought to carry their victims far from the scene of the murder. As soon as I had said this he became very pale, and said, "Well, let's have a nobbler; I can't stand this everlasting talk about a murdered man." We had our glass, and parted for the night; but my mind was already made up. Stevens, beyond doubt, was the murderer, and I must obtain the proof. I am not going to defend our code of morals. I admit that we often do evil that good may come; but society should not employ us to find out dark crimes if they mean to condemn us for our questionable methods of procedure. It was now late in January, and the weather was intensely hot. It was surprising to see how rapidly the Glenelg ceased to be a river, and how each day the water-holes became shallower and shallower.

Prompted by me, Mr. T. obtained from a neighboring magistrate orders for the police to examine every water-hole within a mile on either side of old Jeffrey's hut. As soon as this was known Stevens was down at the bar, trying, I suppose, to smother his memory in deep potations of whisky. Directly the police commenced searching the river I discharged myself, and having obtained my cheque proceeded, or pretended, to spend it after the usual up-country fashion, which, as everybody knows, means staying in the bar and shouting right off the reel. This I did not exactly do; I kept myself sober as a judge; behind the scenes I prompted everything; through Mr. T. I suggested every step that had hitherto been taken, and now I had only to wait the result of the searching and dragging those water-holes. Those who know the country know that this is no easy matter and also that it occupies considerable time. Sometimes only two or three could be searched in a day; on others more.

While this was going on, Stevens became almost a resident in the bar, seldom leaving it, but betraying the most intense and childish curiosity as to the result of the search. "Have they found anything?" or, "Haven't they found anything yet?" or, "Well, I should have thought they would have found something by this time," were expressions that frequently fell from his lips.

It was, I think, the fourth day of search, and Stevens had been drinking hard all the time; on the afternoon of that day a sack was found with human remains in it at the bottom of a hole; and on the evening of that same day drink and excitement had rendered Stevens incapable of taking care of himself, and, at my suggestion, he was conveyed to the lock-up, as drunk and disorderly. I too, though perfectly sober, affected to have been out on the spree, and was also locked up in the same place with Stevens, and my name also entered on the night charge-list as drunk and disorderly.

I never saw such a change in a man as came over Stevens when he found I was locked up with him. The effects of the drink were passing away, owing to the strong mental excitement produced by the discovery of these remains; and no sooner was the lock turned on me, than he clasped me by the hand as the "Groom that had always been so friendly," and began to cry piteously like a child. His thoughts were running on the murder, and I resolved to use the opportunity. To make this right, I began, "I say, Stevens, do you know they have found the old man's body. It was in a sack, and the sack was weighted with stones; and one of the stones, they say, was your lapstone. The skull is broken in two places, so that it is plain he must have been murdered. What made you talk about him in your sleep just now?" "Did I? what did I say?" "You said if they would let you off, you would show them where his money was." (This he said in his sleep.) Upon this, he gave a convulsive shriek, fell back upon the straw, and exclaimed, "Yes, I killed old Jeffrey; but don't peach on me; they can only bring me up for being drunk and disorderly, and I'll give you half the money. I say, groom, you won't peach, will you? I will leave these parts. I have had too much whisky. Let me sleep; I'll tell you everything to-morrow; but don't peach, and I'll make a clean breast of it."

Before the morning broke he had confessed everything to me. I had always been a good fellow, and he didn't mind telling Mr T.'s groom everything. He had entered the old man's hut at midnight, beat in his skull, put the body in a sack, and, fool that he was, put in his own lapstone along with other stones to make it sink, and had hid his money beneath the mud floor of his cottage.

The next morning we were both brought before the magistrate of the district, charged as aforesaid. On being asked what I had to say, I handed the magistrate my authority to act as detective, and requested to be placed in the witness-box, as I had a charge of murder to bring against Stevens, who was there on the minor charge. In less time than it takes to tell this I had left the room, and greatly to the bewilderment of everyone, especially of the local police, the well-known groom at H. was in his uniform, bringing his charge against Stevens, founded on his confession, of murdering the old hermit, Jeffrey.

The sequel is soon told; my evidence hung Stevens, who again and again, previous to his execution, confessed not only this murder, but the murder of a mate in the bush some years back, with whom he was working on a station, making a stake and rail fence.

A FLORAL FETE IN THE BOTANIC GARDEN, LONDON.

The gardens are situated in Regent's Park, and are entirely surrounded by high hedges and forest trees. They are circular in form, cover twenty acres of ground, and are so ingeniously designed as to appear much larger than they really are. We were received at the entrance in a leafy bower, where ourselves and our cards were closely scrutinized by three different officials, after which we were permitted to pass within the charmed circle. It was a scene of dazzling splendor, and might well be termed a *fete champetre*, for, in the midst of a great city, it partook of a rural character. Illuminated chains of colored lamps were suspended along each side of the avenues; the serpentine walks, and all the flower-beds, rockeries, artificial lakes and rustic bridges were fringed with them. Electric lights were placed on the top of the conservatories, anemometer towers, and flag-staffs, brilliantly lighting up the lawns and and parterres where ten thousand of the *creme de la creme* of London society were promenading or sitting, and displaying to the best advantage the exquisite toilets of the ladies, most of whom appeared in decollete dresses with court trains, costly lace and many diamonds, no bonnets, and the hair arranged with feathers and flowers.

Upon the arrival of the Prince and Princess of Teck, and some other members of the royal family, signal guns were fired, and instantly, as if by magic, the gardens became illuminated by colored fires—red, green, blue, yellow and mauve—the whole combining to produce a scene such as the wand of Prospero might be supposed to conjure up. Several military bands, stationed in the conservatories at different parts of the gardens, discoursed most excellent music during the evening, and had there been dancing, which there was not, the *fete* would have resembled a grand ball in the open air. Four large tents had been erected, two of which were beautifully decorated with flowers and evergreens and appropriated to refreshment tables. The third, called the "American Tent," contained only American plants and shrubs, prominent among them being a magnificent collection of rhododendrons. The fourth tent was a marvel of beauty; it covered more than an acre of ground, which was laid out in serpentine walks and a succession of terraces; around the tent there was a background of orange trees, graceful palms and ferns, and upon the terraces, imbedded in tender grass and moss, and looking as though they grew from the place they had been so artistically deposited, were thousands of roses of every variety and color, from dark, rich crimson to delicate, creamy white; they were as remarkable for size as beauty, many of them being as large as an ordinary saucer.

From this tent of roses you passed into an arcade, a quarter of a mile long, throughout the entire length of which extended large tables (each covered with a snowy cloth), and upon them various floral devices—for the decoration of dinner and supper tables—were arranged with exquisite taste, and though many splendid geraniums, fuchsias, lilies, pinks and feathery grasses and ferns were to be seen, roses were everywhere predominant. Special attention is paid to the introduction of this queen of flowers all through England, and judging from the rare specimens we saw exhibited at the botanic *fete*, English gardeners must have reached the acme of perfection in this particular branch of horticulture.

THE SAND IN EGYPT.—The sand has played a preservative part in Egypt, and has saved for future investigators much that would otherwise have disappeared. Miss Martineau says: "If I were to have the choice of a fairy gift, it should be like none of the many things I fixed upon in my childhood, in readiness for such occasions. It would be for a great winnowing fan, such as would, without injury to human eyes and lungs, blow away the sand which buries the monuments of Egypt. What a scene would be laid open to them! One statue and sarcophagus, brought from Memphis, was buried one hundred and thirty feet below the mound surface. Who knows but the greater part of old Memphis, and of other glorious cities, lies almost unharmed under the sand? Who can say what armies of sphinxes, what sentinels of colossi, might start up on the banks of the river, or come forth from the hillsides of the interior, when the clouds of sand have been wafted away?" All will be discovered in good time; we are not yet ready for it; it is desirable we should be further advanced in our power of interpretation before the sand be wholly blown away.

CATS.—These animals have met with very different receptions among various nations. By the Egyptians they were worshiped as deities, and at death were embalmed and interred in catacombs. If the statement of Herodotus is correct, when the house of an Egyptian took fire he first hastened to convey his cats to a place of security, and afterwards looked about for his wife and children. Buffon was of opinion that the cat was "a selfish and faithless servant." Rousseau preferred the cat to the dog, because the one has preserved its freedom and independence, while the other has willingly entered into bondage. Petrarch entertained the most lively affection for a cat; Mahomet preferred cutting off the sleeve of his robe to disturbing the repose of his favorite grimalkin, that had fallen asleep upon it. Poets have sung their praises, and artists devoted their talents to them; among the latter, Godfrey Mind, of Switzerland, is distinguished; he painted them in every situation and attitude.

HABIT uniformly and constantly strengthens all our active exertions; whatever we do often, we become more and more apt to do. A snuff-taker begins with a pinch of snuff per day, and ends in a pound or two every month. Swearing begins in anger; it ends by mingling itself with ordinary conversation. Such like instances are of too common notoriety to need that they be adduced.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

SOUND ADVICE.—Never sit, stand or lie in a current of air when you are fatigued or warm.

TO RENOVATE BLACK SILK.—Grate three or four large potatoes in water and strain off the water after letting it come to a boil. Then put an old dark colored kid glove into it, and boil for ten minutes. Sponge over the breadths of the dress with the glove, and, when damp enough to iron well, press on the wrong side with a flat-iron not too hot, as silk scorches easily.

A SURE CURE FOR SOFT CORNS.—Dip a bit of soft linen rag into turpentine and wrap it around the soft corn; wet the cloth in it night and morning, and in a few days the corn will have disappeared; but the relief to the throbbing, burning pain, comes almost immediately after the first or second application. Wear cotton between the toes and the corns will not reappear.

TO DRIVE RATS OUT OF A HOUSE.—Take quantities of green copperas and dissolve it in boiling water, and pour it as hot as possible down their holes, and scatter it in crystals about their haunts. It will cleanse the premises of all disagreeable odors, and it has driven every rat out of the house we occupy. Keep saucers of it placed near their holes, and filled with water.

LIQUID INDIA RUBBER.—India rubber, cut into thin strips and immersed in spirits of turpentine in a close vessel and kept warm, will dissolve, and in that state can be put on with a brush, forming a water-proof coating for anything to which it may be applied. It has the objection, however, of keeping its *tack*—stickiness—and in this respect it is seldom used, except for coating wood or other work placed in water.

TO REMOVE STINGS.—In many cases instantaneous relief from the pain can be obtained by pressing upon the place containing the sting with the tube of a small key. This extracts the sting, and then a drop of aqua ammonia will neutralize the acidity of the poison and allay the smart of the wound. A little bit of saleratus moistened and laid over the affected part will also heal it.

COFFEE STARCH.—This is much better than starch made in the ordinary way for all dark clothing—such as black or dark brown calicoes, percales and muslins; also for grass linens and Hollands. Take two tablespoonfuls of the best starch, mixed with enough cold water to make it a paste. Stir this into a pint of boiling hot coffee well settled. Let it boil about ten minutes. Stir it a few minutes with a spermaceti or wax candle; strain it through a cloth, and starch the dark colored or black clothes in it.

TO HEAL POISONS FROM IVY.—A simple, yet very effectual remedy can be found in a solution of copperas water, applied by immersing the wounded part into it, or by bandaging it with cloths dipped into it and wet as often as they become dry. Make the copperas solution by turning boiling water upon the green crystals, and let the water take up all that it will; then pour it off from the sediment into a bowl and dip the hands or feet into it. Great relief will be experienced in even a few hours, and repeated applications will never fail to complete the cure. The same remedy will apply to poisoning by oak and sumach.

FACTS ABOUT FOOD.—There is an old saying that what is one man's meat may be another's poison, and how often we are reminded of this as we see the likes and dislikes of people for the same articles of food, and learn the reasons therefor. Strawberries, that are so delicious to almost everybody, are poison to many. A prominent member of the bar told us that one strawberry would poison him to such an extent that it would require weeks for him to get over it. An elderly lady of our acquaintance will almost faint away at the sight of cheese, and wherever she goes this article is banished from the table. Shell-fish are pernicious to many, poisonous, and offensive. We have read in a late medical journal, a number of instances of those antipathies, confirming our own observation. Some persons cannot eat a lobster salad without its having a very curious effect upon their complexion. A lady indulged at supper-time in a salad of this kind, and upon her return to the ball-room her face and neck immediately became covered with spots, obliging her to retire. A medical friend tells us that eating veal gives a lady of his acquaintance the nettle-rash, and that orange peel has produced great nervous excitement. Figs, again, give rise in some people to a sensation like the tickling movement of ants upon the palate.

1776. 1876.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

OFFICE OF THE U. S. CENTENNIAL COMMISSION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

In accordance with the several Acts of the Congress of the United States, providing for the celebration of the

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY

of American Independence, there will be held in FAIRMOUNT PARK, Philadelphia, in the year 1876, an

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of Arts, Manufactures, and Products of the Soil and Mine.

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No. 13!

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he has presented, in most attractive style, a narrative of thrilling scenes and hair-breadth escapes, combined with a large amount of valuable and interesting information. While

GENTLEMAN DICK

is especially intended to interest and instruct the boys, readers of ALL classes and ages will find the dangers, trials, scenes and incidents which attend the fortunes of the youthful hero so graphically told, as to arouse their curiosity and enchain their attention to the end.

EVERY-DAY MARTYRS.

We have martyrs now-a-days. True, not martyrs who are tortured on the rack, or who go down to a triumphant death amid the flash of brand and faggot; but martyrs who suffer just as much, and who, in such suffering, exhibit the same praiseworthy strength, and endurance, and fortitude. Martyrs who *die* in struggling to *live*. Who die *inch by inch*, wearing body and soul away. Who sink unnoticed into the grave, young in years, but old in care, in suffering, and, alas! in misery. There are hero-martyrs whose daily torture no awe-struck world shall write in lines of imperishable light. There are doers and worshipers of the good, the beautiful and the true, lifting up clear eyes to heaven, and walking serene and holy in their little sphere, whose brows no painter shall enhalo, the harmony of whose lives shall make the immortality of no poet's song.

There are martyrs in intellect. Thousands of earth's gifted ones are passing away in their quiet martyrdom. The world looks coldly upon them—pushes aside their ideal dreams with their stern, pressing realities. Men and women who are only happy when they stand motionless and charmed, like a cradled infant by its mother's voice, at their sweet incarnation of the deep things of the heart, at the bright flashes of genius from their own soul's inner shrine. And though the taper of life burns lower and lower, and hope crouches, like a spectre, amid the lengthening shadows, and the actualties of life chill the gushing fountains of the heart—yet they still toil on with greater efforts and with higher aspirations. And, at last, when the long grass waves over their graves, when the starry primrose nestles over their tomb, shrinking timidly away from the garish eye of day, fame wakes a thousand echoes with her clarion notes, and the world fain would kneel to bind undying laurels around the cold and lifeless brow! All too late then—all too dearly bought!

IMAGINARY EVILS.—Imaginary evils soon become real ones by indulging our reflections on them; as he who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall of wainscot, can, by two or three touches with a lead-pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.

MY HEART AND I.

BY GLEN CAROL.

Oh, heavy heart, the night is come,
Sunset's last hue hath fled the sky,
No sound the dreary stillness breaks,
Not e'en thine own despairing cry!

Fain would I speak and comfort thee—
But heart, poor heart, what can I say?
Heavy the crosses we must bear
In silence, on our lonely way.

How dare I whisper empty words?
"The world is wide—time speeds away:"
Too well we know how wide the world—
How time hath robbed us, day by day!

Low in the dust our world doth lie—
Never above it spring the flowers—
Never above it drift the snows,
Or fall in music the summer showers!

What is there left to thee and me,
But that which stilleth every pain?
Which bringeth swift forgetfulness,
And peace that faileth not again!

UNLIMITED WEALTH.

BY F. S. MILLS.

"Suddenly rich." How delighted most of us would be, wouldn't we, if these golden letters only applied to us? Yet, at the age of fifty-five, or thereabouts, poor, tender-hearted Joseph Quinne found sudden wealth anything but a blessing. "Sudden" wasn't quite the word for it, either; for that implies, or might be construed to imply, a prior expectation, and any one who would rashly insinuate that Joseph Quinne had ever expected anything, except reverses, would draw conclusions from an unfettered imagination.

His dreams of wealth had vanished years before. If ever a man really and truly thought that he was born under an "unlucky star" that man was Joseph Quinne. His wealth came to him like one of those remarkable April showers (which follow an unwashed world so often into May), when the raindrops come in such a fearful hurry and of such enormous magnitude, only in this instance the droppings were of gold.

Notwithstanding all that has been written of the happiness attending a goodly inheritance, I am very much inclined to think sometimes (reserving to myself the right to alter my opinion should such a fate be mine) that to a man of nervous, unassuming temperament (such as Joseph Quinne's, and, I may add, my own) the pleasures are much alloyed. It is very well to dream that we dwell in marble halls, with vassals and serfs at our side; but marble halls are cheerless and cold, and vassals and serfs have an unkind way of putting things. It is natural perhaps that they should draw comparisons between the former position of the heir to unexpected wealth and their own present station and place in this topsy-turvy world.

But what about Joseph Quinne?

Joseph was a bachelor, and a schoolmaster in a little village, where "boarding around" was one of the leading features of scholastic life. He was a sort of prophet, too—he knew all about the weather and the probable crops—while his skill in drawing up a prescription for man or beast earned him considerable fame and additional labor, but very little in the way of remuneration.

When Joseph Quinne came into the possession of unlimited wealth, and resigned his position as a bender of intellectual twigs, there was much difference of opinion among the neighbors as to the origin of said inheritance. He was the hero of a hundred home-made romances. This was the first beginning of his discomfort.

One said some rich relation in a distant land had hoarded his savings for years specially for Joseph Quinne; another that boarding around was cheap, and that Joseph had become rich by his own exertions; a third that somebody who had been restored to health (after all the physicians had shaken their learned heads) by the use of one of Quinne's valuable recipes had left him heir to all of his possessions to the exclusion of anxious relatives.

But Joseph Quinne said nothing.

It was curious, to say the least, what a number of farms needed draining and irrigating just about that time (for which purpose the loan of a hundred dollars would prove an indisputable blessing). It was strange what a quantity of young men needed a start in life and—fifty dollars. It was pitiful to believe that so many worthy charities could be in such a helpless state, and that their subscription lists should be so low. It was awful to contemplate the number of souls which Joseph Quinne could save by a trifling expenditure in tracts and sermons; and it was odd, very odd, that so many ladies should have remained in single blessedness so many years for the sole purpose of accepting Joseph Quinne.

But this is not a romance of the affections. Joseph wisely permitted the spinsters to relapse into their hopelessness. He sifted the applications for assistance, and gave to the deserving. He subscribed to all the charities, purchased the necessary tracts, and subsided hopefully, thinking, foolish man, that the world would now permit him to do as he pleased and enjoy himself in his own way.

Not at all! Joseph must build a house (he couldn't always board around, you know, and there were no eligible villa residences for rental in those parts). Then came a legion of surveyors and a whole battalion of bricklayers to interview Joseph Quinne. Well, he built his house—a great angular affair, based upon the united plans of a dozen architects. Then he shut himself in it, and fancied his troubles in life were over.

It was the united opinion of every one that Mr. Quinne must own a horse.

Everybody kept horses in those parts. Every one had animals which they would sell him—as a favor.

"What do I need a horse for?" queried Quinne, helplessly.

"To ride or drive, of course."

"Can't ride—I never drive," replied Joseph, argumentatively.

"But for your visitors——"

"Don't want any," said Quinne.

It was useless arguing the point. The horses came. Quinne bought some half a dozen, and began to think that his newly-acquired wealth was subject to considerable control.

No sooner did it become known that Joseph Quinne led a solitary life than the picture-dealers determined that "art" must be his hobby, and he was besieged by dealers in articles of *certu*.

The pictures he purchased in desperation would have furnished a gallery of art, and the broken china thrust upon him would have set up a good-sized museum of curiosities.

"If this is the life of a country gentleman," said Quinne, despairingly, "I'm tired of it, that's all."

He went to town, but city life never suited him. He returned to his own house, more than ever determined to have his own way.

Now Quinne didn't think he had a relative in the world. Strange, how much he was mistaken! He had poor relatives in nearly every State in the Union. All sorts and sizes were they—cousins of five years old and cousins of sixty, but all agreed upon one point at least—they were very poor.

Our friend scattered *largesse* indiscriminately at first, but as his relatives increased at such a rapid rate he employed a competent person to draw up his genealogical chart, and discovered that he had no living relative except one, a lady who had never applied to him for a cent who resided in a Western city.

He shut up his house and all his household goods and started—West.

"Nobody knows me there, anyhow," he ejaculated, with considerable self-satisfaction; "what a blessing to be poor again!"

He visited his newly-discovered relative, found her society charming and her means scanty.

Believing him to be only a poor tutor enjoying a vacation, his cousin rendered his visit so agreeable that he prolonged it indefinitely. He said ever afterwards that those days were the happiest of his life.

I don't exactly know how it came about, nor does it much matter, perhaps it was natural, that these elderly people should agree to pass their future lives in ministering to each other's necessities. However that may be, Joseph Quinne returned home with his wife.

What a day that was when the horses were sold, with the "old masters" and the collection of "rareties." How Quinne chuckled to himself while his wife presided at the tea-board and ended the hopes of the marriageable ladies of an uncertain age? How madly pleased he was when she announced her plans for the future, which her husband had generously sanctioned? He was never worried afterwards with gratuitous advice, and when he died, and his wife had followed him to the land of everlasting peace, his wealth was given where it did lasting good—no longer unwisely spent, nor vainly coveted.

NAMING THE BABY.

BY GAMMA.

"Well, then, let it be John."
"John is an odious name."
"Won't William do?"
"You know I detest it."
"What do you say to Dick?"
"Dis-gus-ting!"

When a woman pronounces thus, very slowly, syllable by syllable, there is nothing for it but to give in, unless you want to have a scene.

"Well, then, my dear, let it be George Frederick Augustus."

"You are so stupid," my little wife broke in. "Why can't you think of some proper name for the child?"

"That's exactly what I have been trying to do, my dear," I mildly retorted, "but there is no pleasing you."

"How can you say so? You know very well I've submitted to have all the children called after that horrid old uncle of yours—Gubbins, Gubbins—until I am quite sick of Gubbins, and I am determined now that baby shall have a pretty name."

The quarrel, gentle reader, is as old as the time of Aristophanes, and it will go on, we suppose, as long as babies condescend to come into the world. There *was* a time when people were content to take the first name that presented itself, and it was Tom, Dick and Harry—Harry, Dick and Tom to the end of the chapter; but either the character of our reading, or the spread of the fine arts, and, therefore, a better appreciation of the beautiful, have made us more fastidious. He would indeed be a daring individual to call a girl, now-a-days, Betty or Sally, and yet a century ago, these were fashionable names among the upper ten thousand.

The difficulty which we always feel about the matter is lest the name should not fit. Why is it that an ideal will mix itself with every name?

That Mary should suggest everything that is womanly and amiable is simple enough; for these last eighteen hundred years her sacred name has been identified by the church with all the feminine virtues. That Isabella should suggest a proud, passionate nature we undoubtedly owe to its southern origin. But why should Ann be a cold, formal, hidely-starched old maid? and why, again, should Fanny be a cold, heartless flirt? Blanche, again, in our mind's eye, is a haughty blonde, with a proud manner and a fair white neck. We may have known several Blanches with black hair and narrow forehead, but the fact does not in the slightest destroy the ideal Blanche—the Blanche that should be. Again, Emily is very womanly, with a profusion of light hair, perhaps a little lethargic. Jane would snap your nose off on the slightest occasion. Catharine is a proud, stately dame, that a lover would not like to trifle with. Martha still follows out her destiny, and attends to the shirt buttons. We might continue the list of names with which, as we have said, ideals will mix themselves somehow in our minds; but after all, fortunately for the sex, ladies' names are not of very much importance, for the greater part of their lives at least; they hide the prettiest or the ugliest patronymics in their husbands, and Clara Devereux possibly may sink into a Mrs. Samuel Biggs!

But with a man, this case is different; his Christian name is not only his own, but his wife's; therefore the responsibility upon his parents is double. There are so many considerations to be taken into account in launching a name into the world, to play a part perhaps for fourscore and ten years, that it should never be undertaken without due thought.

First, there is the euphony of the thing. A man may have such a mis-assemblage of unrythmical cognomens, that he and his friends have to go jolting over them all their lives, as though they were journeying over a corduroy road. If a man must have many Christian names, they should be strung together at least upon some harmonious principle; it matters now how many syllables, so long as they run well together.

Then again we think that it is a matter of no small importance that a name should both be characteristic and have some peculiar quality about it easily remembered. Imagine two persons starting in life as rivals in any particular profession; without all doubt, the one who had the most forcible name would be the one most familiar with the public, and the most successful in business.

There is one perplexity in naming children which we allow cannot easily be got over. We may give that remarkably fine baby at home a remarkably fine name. Marmaduke Rashleigh may fall pompously from the parson's lips, but what if he should turn out a mean-looking, sickly, little and insignificant man? On the other hand, his brother named Peter or Dick, after some paternal uncle, may turn out a magnificent specimen of the *genus homo*.

There are some names that circulate among us instantly, and make us fast friends with their owners ever afterward, although we may never have seen them. He is a lucky man whose parents have thus cast his cognomen in their pleasant lives!

WAS IT A GHOST?

BY ALICE EVANS.

I don't know how people feel who have seen a ghost; perhaps it would be a relief to them to find that the white garment shrouded a broomstick; but for myself, I once saw a figure in a sheet which it would be an infinite relief to me to believe a ghost. I saw this figure, man or woman I know not, five years ago, when I was boarding in the second floor of a house in Baltimore. There was, at that time, a house to let on the opposite side of the street. The shutters were open, so that, before the windows were too dirty, I could see into two of the empty rooms. That opposite my own was an inner room, lighted by two windows, and entered only from the adjoining small ante-chamber, and this, which also looked into the street, had one window. The bill, "to let," was there for so many months that it grew yellow with age and gray with dirt, and it was hanging in a hopeless and impotent manner when the house was taken; at least I concluded that it was taken, for the bill disappeared altogether, and was not replaced. In the course of a few days the windows were cleaned, and a bed and two chairs were placed in the inner room. There were no curtains and no carpets, nor, so far as I could see, any other furniture in these two rooms. But there was some one in the bed, very ill, I imagined, for although I saw the figure move from side to side, I never saw it sitting up, or saw the bed empty, or saw the face so as to recognize if it was that of a man or woman.

In any case I should not have been able to see much of these opposite neighbors, for I was only at home in the morning and evening, and they had other rooms besides the two I have mentioned.

About a fortnight after they came, I was sitting near my window in the early morning, when my attention was attracted by a figure at the window of the ante-room opposite, wrapped, as it seemed, in a white sheet. A corner of the sheet was drawn up round the head and hung over the face like a hood, so that, although the person was looking out of the window, no trace of form or feature could be seen; and the arms, which were crossed, were also tightly covered by the sheet. For a few seconds it paused at the window, and I, sitting partly behind my window curtain, could see without being seen. Then it entered into the inner room, into which I could see very distinctly, as the windows were open.

And here it seems necessary to state that the effect produced upon me at the time by this person in a sheet has been intensified, and has received an added horror from circumstances which occurred later. It is difficult to describe that which follows without allowing this horror to creep in, and yet, so far as I can remember, I was not sensible of it at the time, and felt only a strange attmotion and interest; and a half surprise that any one should dress up and play the fool at 7 o'clock in the morning.

The figure, as I have said, entered the inner room, and stood for some time quite motionless by the bed-side. Then slowly the arms were stretched out, pointing at something or some one in the bed; the head, still covered by the sheet, was bent downwards; the whole attitude was that of one speaking with an earnest and eager intensity. But soon there was the strangest change; the figure started, gave a wild bound, and commenced leaping and dancing round the bed, standing with outstretched arms for a moment at the foot of it, and then springing first to one side and then to the other with such wonderful rapidity that it was impossible to follow every movement. At length there was a pause; again the hands and arms were stretched out, again they pointed, and, as it seems to me now, in bitter mockery, to the bed, and then the body swayed and bent backwards, and the head was thrown up in one long burst of uproarious laughter. It seemed to me that I could *hear* the mocking sounds even above all the noises in the street. I do not know if I turned away for a moment, or if the figure crouched down, but I remember my surprise at finding that it had left the bedroom, and was again standing at the window of the ante-room. From thence it passed out into the passage, and I saw no more of it.

The bed was, as usual, occupied, but I do not remember noticing any movement on the part of the occupier.

Early in the summer evening I returned from my daily work, and sat at the window to watch the sun, as, like a solitary eye of fire glowing through mist and smoke with a dim, angry light, it sank down into the heart of the great city. The blinds of the rooms opposite were drawn down, and the windows were closed, and they remained so on the following morning. But in the evening, as I watched from my window in the dusk, I saw two men coming down the street, bearing on their shoulders a coffin. They stopped at the house opposite, and carried the coffin in and up the stairs, and through the ante-room, and into that room with the bed, which was opposite to mine. I saw the shadow of it cast upon the window blinds, for some one went first carrying a candle.

And then I knew there was death in the room, and that the antic which had mocked and made sport on the previous day, had mocked at the dying or the dead.

The following day was Sunday, and I was again at my window when the plain deal coffin was carried down stairs and put into a shabby hearse. This was followed by one solitary carriage, and one small person sprang quickly into it, closely muffled in a large black cloak. I could not tell whether this person was young or old, and could only guess whether it was man or woman; but something in the rapid, resolute movements at once recalled the sheeted figure which had startled me three days before. I could not watch the house again, it was too terrible; and on the following day when I returned home, I saw that the bed had been removed, and the windows were wide open, and there was a new bill announcing that the house was again "To Let."

THE SPRING OF CLEAR WATER.

It was at noon on a sultry summer's day, that three travelers quitted the high road to seek refreshment at a spring, which they perceived at a short distance. The spring was overhung by a luxuriant growth of shrubs which flourished from its moisture, and in gratitude returned their shade to preserve its refreshing coolness. The waters, collecting first in a basin hollowed in the rock, overflowed in transparent streams, trickling in their course over the following inscription, carved on the rock:

"Be thou like unto this spring."

The separate streamlets kept joining each other on the coarse sand beneath the basin, and then flowed away, farther and farther, till united into a small rivulet they rippled through the neighboring flowery meadows. The travelers, having quenched their thirst, while sitting to rest themselves for awhile, read the inscription, of which each gave his own interpretation.

"It is excellent advice," said one of them, who appeared to be a trader; he carried a knapsack on his back, his broad leathern belt seemed to contain something heavy wrapped or sewed within it, and his strong boots were covered with a layer of dust, seemingly from a long journey. "The spring," he continued, "runs without ceasing, wanders extensively, receives into itself the waters of other springs, and increases till it becomes a river, and by its example incites man to ceaseless activity and unwearied industry, for the accomplishment of all his desires."

Hearing this, another of the travelers, an old man, carrying a book in his hand, shook his head, and said:

"The lesson here given is a much higher one than that. This spring is common to all. It quenches the thirst of every passer by, and yet demands the gratitude of no one. It clearly bids us do good, purely for the love of good, and to require no other reward."

The third traveler had remained silent during this time. He was a beautiful, fair-haired youth, who for the first time, and but recently, had parted from his mother. His comrades asked him his explanation of the inscription.

He reflected for a moment, then, slightly blushing, said:

"To me the spring tells a different tale. To what purpose would be its unceasing activity, and its readiness to assuage the thirst of all passengers, were it muddy and defiled by the earth? Its chief excellence is its brightness and transparent clearness. Its inscription exhorts us neither to industry nor to magnanimity; but to be like this spring ourselves, to preserve the soul in such unsullied purity, that it may, like in its course, fitly reflect the flowers of the earth and the splendors of the heavens."

THE SLEEP OF PLANTS.

Everybody knows that flowers open in the morning and close in the evening. This phenomenon is called the sleep of plants, and is not a momentary movement, but a slow and continuous process, continually varying in intensity during the different hours of the day.

Some flowers require a greater amount of light and heat, to enable them to open, than others. Hence the hours of the day are, to a certain extent, indicated by their opening and closing; and Linnæus was enabled to construct what he fancifully called a "horologium floræ," or floral clock. Thus, the common morning glory opens at dawn, the Star of Bethlehem, a little after ten o'clock; the ice plant at twelve o'clock at noon. On the contrary, the goat's beard, which opens at sunrise, closes at mid-day, and the morning glory closes at the same hour, provided the day is fine; but if it is cloudy, and the atmosphere moist, then the morning glory keeps open the whole day; the four o'clock opens about that time in the afternoon; the flowers of the thorn apple and the evening primrose open at sunset; and those of the night-flowering cereus when it is dark.

Aquatic flowers open and close with the greatest regularity. Thus, the white water-lily closes its flowers at sunset and sinks below the water for the night, and in the morning is buoyed up by the expansion of its petals, and again floats on the surface as before. The *Victoria Regia* expands for the first time about six o'clock in the evening, and closes in a few hours; it then opens again at six the next morning, remains so till the afternoon, when it closes and sinks below the water.

Even the ordinary green leaves as well as the flowers are affected by sleep. This is particularly visible in those plants which possess compound leaves, and which belong to the natural order *Leguminosæ*, or the pea tribe. The change of position in the leaves of some of them is so well marked that they present, with their drooping foliage, a totally different aspect in the evening to what they do in the morning. A little girl, who had observed the phenomenon of sleep in a locust tree that grew before her nursery-window, upon being required to go to bed a little earlier than usual, replied, with much acuteness, "Oh, mother, it is not yet time to go to bed, the locust tree has not yet begun to say its prayers."

GENIUS, TALENT AND CLEVERNESS.—Genius rushes like a whirlwind—talent marches like a cavalcade of heavy men and heavy horses—cleverness skims like a swallow in the summer evening, with a sharp, shrill note and a sudden turning. The man of genius dwells with men and with nature; the man of talent in his study, but the clever man dances here, there and everywhere, like a butterfly in a hurricane, striking everything and enjoying nothing, but too light to be dashed to pieces. The man of talent will attack theories, the clever man will assail the individual and slander private character. The man of genius despises both; he heeds none, he fears none, he lives in himself, shrouded in the consciousness of his own strength; he interferes with none, and walks forth an example that "eagles fly alone—they are but sheep that herd together." It is true, that should a poisonous worm cross his path he may tread it under his foot; should a cur snarl at him he may chastise him; but he will not, cannot, attack the privacy of another. Clever men write *verses*, men of talent write *prose*, but the man of genius writes *poetry*.

NEWS of INTEREST

THE distillation of rum from cranberries, is a new industry in South Jersey.

THE last fraud in the way of adulteration is the putting of salt into ale in order to create a thirst for more. A fine of £33 4s. was recently imposed upon a beer-seller in London for putting 250 grains of salt into every gallon of beer.

A FRENCH court has decided that a man may not trade under his own name, when that name is manifestly used to induce the public to think that it is that of an old-established firm. Moet, a Dutchman, was selling champagne, using the brand "Moet & Co.," which the well-known firm "Moet & Chandon" proved had led people to believe was their wine. The court ordered Moet to discontinue using the title on his wines and fined him $7,000 damages.

MARRIAGE IN BURMAH.—Marriage among the Burmese is a most peculiar institution, and the "marriage knot" is very easily undone. If two persons are tired of each other's society, they dissolve partnership in the following simple and touching, but conclusive manner. They respectively light two candles, and, shutting up their hut, sit down and wait until they are burned. The one whose candle burns out first gets up at once and leaves the house for ever, taking nothing but the clothes he or she may have on at the time; all else then becomes the property of the other party.

JAPANESE "BABY WAGONS."—An American in Japan has had a new sensation. He has gone back to the days of his youth. The Japanese porters put him in a baby carriage and trotted him around the streets. A two-wheel baby wagon drawn by a coolie he found to be the usual mode of conveyance. In Yeddo there are about one hundred thousand of these vehicles for public use. To ride in them is something like using push carts, but the pace made is very different, Ten miles an hour is the customary travel, and a coolie will make forty miles a day with one passenger in the hottest sun.

AN UNPLEASANT "BODY."—A writer, exhibiting some of the difference between the vernacular of the Americans and English, states that the waist of a dress is by the latter denominated a "body." "We are much startled," she says, "on receiving our first washing-bills, to find that we were charged with 'low bodies' and 'loose bodies.' Not supposing there were any such 'questionable shapes' in our party, we found they were only high and low neck underwaists." Again, she relates that a young American lady, on a visit to a country house, was put into a room previously occupied by one of the family, but which had the uncanny reputation of being haunted. The young lady had subdued her nervousness sufficiently to fall into a light slumber, when there came a gentle tap at the door, and a sepulchral voice whispered through the key-hole: "I want to come in and get my body."

THE English are turning their attention to what are termed "utilitarian pursuits;" and the chief of these are the adulteration of food and liquors. A bill passed the Houses of Parliament, some time ago, on this subject, and a Board of Health is now employed in carrying it out. It is eminently useful, and nothing was ever more needed. The trash which poor John Bull was previously obliged to swallow was positively awful. He was literally poisoned from morning till night. His bread consisted chiefly of potatoes and alum; his tea, of sloe-leaves and iron-filings; his coffee, of damaged corn and old coffins, the latter of which imparted to it a peculiar richness of flavor; his port wine, of logwood and coarse whisky; his favorite gin, of benzine; and his milk, almost exclusively of liquid drawn from "the cow with the iron tail"—a delicate synonyme for the public pump. All these enormities, however, have now been put an end to, by a heavy fine for the first offence, and imprisonment for the second. The knavish shopkeepers in vain protest that John liked his viands and liquors adulterated.

SAND PIES.—St. Petersburg, the capital of Russia, is the haven for children who have a propensity for making mud and sand pies. In many of the small public parks of that city there are, here and there, large open spaces covered with gravel. Every morning in each of these spaces may be seen a large pile of sand, cone-shaped, about four feet high and six feet in diameter at the base. After breakfast all the children of the neighborhood, equipped with little spades, hatchets and wagons, repair to these cones, and employ themselves in digging them down and scattering the material, according to their fancy, over the gravel spaces. The next morning the cones are all ready for another assault. The city government provides the sand, and has it piled up in the cones each night. The result of this simple plan is that the children acquire a fondness for exercise and labor, and get that healthful open-air amusement so essential to their vitality in a city. Perhaps they always get the usual maternal spanking for soiling their clothing, but this is one of the sweets of the halcyon days of childhood that can be looked back to in after years without revengeful feelings.

CHINESE TYPOGRAPHY.—Printing a book in China is done somewhat as follows: Two pages are written by a person trained to the business, on a sheet of thin paper, divided into columns by black lines, and in the space between the two pages are written the title of the work, and the number of chapter and page; when the sheet has been printed, it is folded down through this space, so as to bring the title, etc., partly on each page. The sheet, when ready for printing, is pasted face downward on a smooth block of wood, made usually from the pear or plum tree. As soon as it is dry, the paper is rubbed off with great care, leaving behind an inverted impression of the characters. Another workman now cuts away the blank spaces by means of a sharp graver, and the block, with the characters in high relief, passes to the printer, who performs his work by hand. The two points that he has to be most careful about are—to ink the characters equally with his brush, and to avoid tearing the paper when taking the impression. From a good wooden block some 15,000 copies may be printed, and when the characters have been sharpened up a little it is possible to obtain 8,000 or 10,000 more impressions.

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS;

OR,

THE FAIRY SPY-GLASS.

BY IDA FAY.

Once there was a little boy named Alfred, and he heard so many fine stories about Fairyland that he fancied he should like to go and see it. It happened, too, on one of his birthdays, that his fairy godmother sent him a fairy picture-book for a present—a wonderful little book, just the kind you would like! for it had not only a lovely blue silk cover, with a golden clasp, but within was full of lovely pictures that were continually changing. Now it was a brook in Fairyland, in which little fairies with rainbow wings were chasing each other; and now it was a room in the Fairy Queen's palace, where you are sure to find just the toy or book that you wish; and now it was a great bunk of flowers, that grew again as fast as picked; and now it was the splendid rose-colored palace of the Fairy Queen herself, or the great golden gates, with merry little sunbeams hanging on the bars.

All this made Alfred ten times as anxious to go to Fairyland, and of every one he met he asked the way. But the big, bustling, grown-up people only said:

"Pho! pho! get out of the way! There isn't any Fairyland!"

And so, Alfred was no wiser than before.

But, one day, it happened that Alfred caught a sunbeam hiding away in a flower-cup; and, though the little bright-winged fellow tried hard to get away, Alfred held him fast.

"You shan't go till you tell me how to find Fairyland," he said to the sunbeam.

"That's easy enough. You must buy a fairy spy-glass, and then you will find it fast enough," answered the slippery little rogue, sliding out of Alfred's fingers.

Alfred went home quite charmed; and, getting all the money out of his box, went to the shop to buy a fairy spy-glass. The man smiled at him.

"We don't keep fairy glasses here, my boy," said he.

So Alfred was no better off than before, till one day he caught an old brown grasshopper, when, straightway, he heard a small voice squeaking:

"My little boy, don't you hurt my poor old pony. I brought him out for a little exercise. He is getting very feeble."

Alfred looked all about him, and saw, sitting on a toadstool, a bright-eyed little lady, about as long as his thumb. She was wrapped from head to foot in a large cloak made out of butterflies' wings, and, by way of improving her time, was knitting stockings out of a ball of spider's web, on diamond needles that flew so fast you could scarcely see them.

"I won't hurt your pony," said Alfred; "but if you are a fairy, madam, as I think you are, I should like you to tell me how to get to Fairyland."

And then he told her the story about the sunbeam.

"You must get a fairy spy-glass, true enough," said the fairy; "but you cannot buy it, except with fairy money."

"But how can I get fairy money?" asked Alfred.

"You must earn it," answered the fairy, "by doing good and kind deeds. Here is a little box," taking a tiny black box out of her pocket. "Every time you keep your temper, or do something kind or generous, you will find in it a bit of fairy gold; but when you forget and are bad, you will find one less in the box. When the box is full, take it out into the forest, and you will find an old man who has fairy spy-glasses for sale. And now, will you please give me my pony, as it is time we were off."

Alfred set down the grasshopper, and the little lady jumping on his back, was off in a twinkling; but he went home with the box in his pocket, happy indeed, for he fancied it wouldn't take a week to fill so small a box. Just as he reached home, he met a very pitiful-looking boy. He was ragged and barefoot, and so weak with hunger that he could scarcely drag himself along; but Alfred was going to pass him by without giving him even a penny, because he had decided to buy a new coat with the money in his pocket, when he happened to see his uncle John looking out of the window. Now, uncle John was always very good to the poor, and liked to see Alfred doing a generous act.

"And, perhaps," thought Alfred to himself, "he will give me the money back besides."

So he emptied all the money in his pocket into the poor boy's hand; and when he got into the house, his uncle patted him on the head, and called him "good boy." He gave him, besides, a gold piece. But just then Alfred remembered his fairy box.

"There will be something in it," thought he. "I have been so generous perhaps there will be two pieces."

But, to his astonishment, there was nothing; and when he shook and rattled it, to hear if anything would clink, a little voice said in his ear, "you can't earn fairy money, little boy, by good deeds which are already paid for."

Alfred was quite sulky; but he began to think about it, and made up his mind that perhaps it wasn't so very good of him, after all, to give away money that he might be praised and get it back again; on which, quite mortified, he went to bed.

On the next day, as he was playing, his little brother came to him to mend his cart. Alfred hated to stop, for he had his soldiers drawn up in a row behind a wall made out of a box-cover; and he had just brought up two small tin cannon, and a wooden cart for an ambulance. He was, you see, in the very heat of the battle—and I don't suppose any general would like to be disturbed just then to mend carts. He was about to send his little brother off with a cross "get away!" when he happened to remember what his mother was alway telling him about being patient and obliging; and, on that, he put down his cannon, and mended the cart, as pleasantly as possible. Clink! went something softly in the little box in his pocket. He pulled it out in such a hurry, that his hands fairly trembled, looked, and there, true enough, was a bit of fairy gold.

The next day, going to see a little sick friend, who was not so rich as he, he found him lying on a poor little bed, his cheeks red with fever.

"I wish," said the little sick boy. "Oh, I do so wish for some grapes. My mouth is so dry, and tastes so. But mamma says that they cost so much, and she has hardly money enough for medicine."

At that, Alfred began to think of the splendid basket of hot-house grapes that uncle John had brought him that morning. He was very fond of grapes, and he had intended to have a pic-nic out on the lawn, and have Nellie bring her dishes and beg some cake of mamma. He couldn't make up his mind to give up all this at once; but, at last, he got out the grapes from his drawer, and wrote on a card, "For Georgey," and sent them to the sick boy. He had hardly done it, when clink! clink! came two little fairy bits more into his box.

But now he began to fancy getting fairy money an easy thing; and the next day, when he found Nellie with his paint-box, he grew exceedingly angry, and, calling out, "You naughty girl!" struck her on the cheek. Clink! went something in his box; and, looking in, Alfred saw, to his sorrow, that one of the pretty shining pieces had gone.

In short, it was a long, long time, and through a great many such "ins" and "outs," that Alfred at last got the box filled with fairy money. But that done, he went out into the forest, a proud and happy boy enough.

He had not gone far, when he met an old man, who was crying fairy carpets for sale.

"You can take your seat and wish you were in China, and whiz! you are there," said the old man. "I'll give you one for your box, Master Alfred."

"No," said Alfred; "I want a spy-glass," and traveled on.

And next, he met a girl, and she had a bird that could talk as well as sing, and tell you everything that was going on all over the world. Alfred thought that was very wonderful; but still he said that he wanted spy-glasses, not birds, and traveled on till he found an old man begging by the road.

"Pity!" cried the old man. "I have lost my box of fairy money, and I cannot get across the fairy river; and I have been waiting here a hundred years, for I am too feeble to earn anything now; and my wife and daughter are waiting for me, and if I do not get there soon, I am afraid my enemy, the Giant of Mistland, will find them and carry them off to his castle."

At first, Alfred was about to pass him by, as he had done the others; but then he began to say to himself:

"This old man has waited a hundred years, and he is so old and feeble, while I am young. And I can earn another boxful—only I do so hate to wait."

And then he thought:

"I won't give it, either. It isn't my fault if he is old and has waited a hundred years."

But the old man looked so pitiful, and Alfred had been earning fairy money so long that he had begun to like to do kind and good things better than selfish and bad ones; and, at last, with a sigh, he handed the old man the box, saying:

"Here, take it."

"Thank you," answered the old man. "Here is your spy-glass."

Think then how pleased Alfred was! And, putting up his glass, where do you think he saw Fairyland? Why, close beside him. And now he goes there every day.

VAIN CURIOSITY.

BY T. A. P.

"What is in the middle of the earth?" asked the Magpie, just as the Mole came out of his burrow.

"Why do you ask?" inquired the Mole.

"Because I should exceedingly like to know," said the Magpie.

"I can't tell you, although I am always underground. I go but very little way down; so ask the trees, their roots penetrate far below me."

"What is in the middle of the earth?" said the Magpie to the old Elm, in which her nest was built.

"Why do you ask?" inquired the Elm.

"Oh, I should like to know, above all things," said the Magpie.

"How can I tell? My roots strike deep, indeed, but are yet a short distance from the surface. The rivers go lower down than the oldest and deepest of us. Ask the rivers."

"What is in the middle of the earth?" asked the Magpie of the broad river that flowed by the old elm.

"Why do you ask?" inquired the River.

"Oh, I should be so pleased to find out," said the Magpie.

"Then you must be taught by the wisdom that spread me abroad," said the River. "I indeed am deep, and my stream is wide, but I know nothing beyond my limits. If you want *knowledge* such as lies in our range, I can teach you, or the old elm can teach you, or the mole can teach you—each according to his experience; but, if you only want to indulge in a vain curiosity, know that no honest teacher who deals in the truth will be able to satisfy you."

The Charity that Covereth Faults and Infirmities. — "Dear Moss!" said the old Thatch, "I am so worn, so patched, so ragged; really I am quite unsightly. I wish you would come and cheer me up a little; you will hide all my infirmities and defects, and, through your loving sympathy, no finger of contempt or dislike will be pointed at me."

"I come," said the Moss; and it crept up and around, and in and out, till every flaw was hidden, and all was smooth and fair. Presently the sun shone out, and the old Thatch looked gloriously in the golden rays.

"How beautiful the thatch looks!" cried one.

"How beautiful the thatch looks!" cried another.

"Ah!" cried the old Thatch, "rather let them say how beautiful is the loving Moss, that spends itself in covering all my faults, keeping the knowledge of them all to herself, and by her own grace making my age and poverty wear the garb of youth and luxuriance."

Truths.—To confound wealth with happiness is to mistake the means for the end. You might as well fancy that a knife and fork will give you an appetite. The smallest compliment we receive from another confers more pleasure than the biggest compliment we pay to ourselves. Most fashions are ridiculous, but one is obliged to fall into the ridicule to avoid appearing still more ridiculous.

AUTUMN TIME.

BY W. T.

Time, like a wrinkled hermit, sits,
Counting his beads, each bead a day;
From his long rosary of years
Those beads drop silently away.

Or, as a sexton, one by one,
Puts out the smouldering funeral lamps,
And leaves the corpse alone and still,
Amid the charnel's dripping damps.

So dealeth Time, who strips the leaves
Of bankrupt summer's rich array,
As gaolers strip the trembling fool,
Whose spendthrift wealth has had its day.

Yet these are but the feeble types
Of higher dooms to sons of clay,
Of shiver'd globes and falling worlds,
And earthquakes of the latter day.

DOWLAH,

THE SNAKE-CHARMER!

OR,

THE MAID OF CAWNPOOR.

A Mystery of India Beyond the Ganges.

BY ORPHINIA R. CHARNOCK.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.
—*Campbell.*

The instant Cora Wilson comprehended that the salute of the Sepoy was intended for her she darted backward from the door, as if she had been stung by a serpent, and dropping down in her chair began reflecting with a dismay that was unutterable upon the terrible blunder she had committed.

In her natural excitement she had forgotten one of the principal warnings of the Snake-Charmer, and in all probability had been seen by numbers who were passing in the street below; there was no doubt of her having been noticed by one of the chiefs of the Sepoy murderers.

"But," she said, as she recalled the artificial swarthiness of complexion and remembered that she was attired in Hindoostani costume, "if I could walk the pavements without my nationality being suspected, would a casual glimpse, such as he obtained, reveal my blood."

It would seem that the girl ought to have been safe against the danger she dreaded so much, but there were one or two reflections that rendered her situation anything but comforting; her own action upon recognizing the salute as intended for her was such as to arouse suspicion, being precisely that of one suddenly awakened to danger attempting to escape it. Had she quietly nodded in reply to the courtesy, as all the native women did, that would probably have been the last notice taken of her presence. Furthermore, in the present abnormal condition of Cawnpoor, with such a wild, lawless horde permeating every portion of it, no man or woman was safe. If that black-eyed miscreant, who had noted her in such a marked manner, believed fully that she was of his own race, or the wife even of the official who was riding beside him, it would not lessen his resolve to obtain her. It was just such as she who were as eagerly sought for as the "loot" in the houses of the wealthy.

Cora could not escape the knowledge that she was handsome in form and features—charms that the dye of the Snake-Charmer had not obliterated, but rather made more attractive in the eyes of the Hindoo by the deep, rich, swarthy tinge, and she could not shake off the conviction as she thus sat and reflected that her own indiscretion had placed her in the most dangerous situation possible.

She was without weapon of any kind with which to defend herself. She had been given this place as one of shelter, and Dowlah had not considered, at least he had not explained to her, what was to be done in case she was discovered in her hiding place. The building was large and full of rooms, and she might flee back and forth, or hide in some dark corner, but her own sense taught her that no such course could add to her safety. The most secret place to which she could flee in the structure was sure to be the first searched by those who were searching for her, and life itself may be said depended upon whether or not it was discovered that she was in the house of Basik.

This discovery had been made, and now what was to be done? Evidently nothing, but to pray heaven to protect her and hope for the best, and she prostrated herself in prayer.

She had finished and risen to her feet, when there was a jingle of glass and a thump upon the floor. In silent terror she stole to the window and looked cautiously out. Several persons could be seen walking along the street, who looked up and acted as if they had thrown the missile.

Turning again to her room she saw a small pebble lying upon the floor with a piece of white paper wrapped about it. It required but a moment for her to unwrap it, and she recognized the angular writing of the Snake-Charmer as she excitedly read these words:

"*Touch not the flowers. If forced to flee, go to Bathoo and pull the string beneath his great toe. He will take care of you.*"

What a message! An admonition from the heathen to the Christian that, if driven to desperation, she should flee to the Hindoo idol, Bathoo! Cora smiled at the thought, and making sure that the paper contained nothing more she tore it into bits, which she forced into a crack in the floor, it being her determination that the safety of Dowlah should not be jeopardized through any indiscretion upon her part. While the strange message received in this curious manner inspired a certain confidence, from the apparent fact that the Snake-Charmer still kept watch over her, yet it was suggestive of other probabilities not so comforting.

Dowlah must have been one of those who had discovered her appearance at the window, and it was not likely he would have taken the trouble to send her such word unless there was a strong probability of her being disturbed. Every view possible failed to soothe her—all seemed to promise danger.

The day was far advanced, and Cora began to feel the need of food and drink. The weather without was still suffocatingly hot, although the room in which she sat was much cooler and pleasanter than could have been expected from the temperature without. The faint perfume of the mystic bouquet seemed to invite a sleepy languor, to which she would have yielded at any other time, but there was too much cause for anxious thought in what she had learned, and as a relief from severe mental anxiety she determined to descend to the lower apartment in quest of the water which she had seen in the jars upon her first arrival in the place.

A scared, awed feeling came over her as she moved stealthily through the different rooms and reflected how recently they had been occupied by those who, though of the same sex as herself, would, in their fanatical zeal, have rended her to pieces. More than once she paused, with a rapidly throbbing heart, certain that stealthy footsteps were following her. When all was still she moved on again, glancing furtively to the right and left, and half expecting to encounter some crouching mutineer as she entered each room.

As she approached the place where the jars of water were standing, she found herself enveloped in a dim twilight that rendered her surroundings still more gloomy and ghastly; she rapidly secured a cool, refreshing draught, drinking in with the water an amount of courage and confidence that surprised herself.

"How absurd for me to go to the Hindoo idol," she murmured, as she stood still and reflected upon the advice of the Snake-Charmer. "Strange that a man with the native shrewdness of Dowlah, should put his trust in such a mass of ugliness; what more likely than that in such a house as this, there should be some hiding place, unknown to the common people without—unknown even to Dowlah himself, or any one, except the members of this family?"

It was by no means improbable that some such retreat existed, but, by what means was she to discover it, and if she should succeed, then it could not properly be a hiding place, and its shelter could not secure her against her pursuers. Nevertheless, under a vague hope, she began a search through the lower apartments. Nearly every door was furnished with a lock, and yet not one of them was found fastened. Had it been her own home, on the other side of the broad Atlantic, she could not have wandered through it with more freedom; but so far as her eyes could detect, it was free of all mysterious labyrinths or underground passages.

She, however, continued her search until the gathering darkness warned her that it was useless. Then she wandered back to where the jars of water stood, to obtain another draught that would last her through the night; when about to turn away, a very annoying suspicion came over her, that the place had been visited during her absence. She remembered counting the jars several times and ascertaining that their number was seven, and now she saw there was but six, and there was the empty space where one of them had stood.

"It must be that there is some one else in the house," she whispered to herself, "the jar might have fallen of itself, but it could not have disappeared."

As she stole timidly up stairs and through the many winding halls and passages, all her senses were on the alert for the dreaded appearance of some dreaded intruder. Without she could hear the rumble and hum of the teeming city, and now and then a low, heavy, faint boom was borne through the air to her ears—seemingly as if it came from a point many miles away.

"It is *their* cannon," she said, "General Havelock is fighting his way hither, and my own dear Ned is with him—but why are they so long? to the miserable ones in the Subada Kothee, too long a delay will be fatal. Heaven bless and aid the arms of the English, who are fighting so hard to save the helpless and innocent."

The soft Indian twilight filled the room, as she pushed open the door and caught the strong perfume of the mystic bouquet she had been forbidden to touch or approach. She was about to advance to the window, when a slight noise in the hall directly behind her arrested her attention. Turning quickly, she beheld a Sepoy advancing stealthily, his cruel face lit up with a tigerish smile, as he fixed his black eyes upon her, and hastily stepped within the room. One glance showed the same wretch who had saluted her, from the back of the elephant, a few hours before.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"There's poison i' the flowers."

For a moment Cora Wilson was literally speechless with terror. She could only stand transfixed, with her eyes upon the most evil looking personage of her life. Had he advanced near enough to touch her, she would probably have swooned, and perhaps died in extremity of fear. But, something in her appearance seemed to arrest his attention, and he paused, after closing the door and while yet several feet away, and looked keenly into her countenance.

"'Twas the most valued greeting of all, that I received from thee. It lingered so lovingly in my memory, that I hastened to gain a closer view of her who gave it."

"Why do you seek me, who would see you not?"

This question was uttered in a weak, trembling voice, and the Sepoy started in a way which showed he was greatly surprised. Something which caught his eye as he came near, and led him to think he was not addressing a native as he supposed, but one belonging to the hated race of his enemies. He made his opening remark, therefore, in English, and Cora, forgetting entirely the trap that was set, fell directly into it, and confirmed his suspicions by the pronunciation of the answer.

It was too late to retrieve the fatal error, and in her excited condition, the girl did not suspect that she had committed any.

"Why do I seek you," he repeated, after a moment of admiring scrutiny; "Why does the flower turn its face toward the sun? It cannot help it. So I come to thee," he pursued, in the extravagant fashion of the Oriental; "when first I caught the light of thy face it broke upon me as does the sight of the oasis to the dying traveler. Heretofore I have counted my years from my birth; henceforth they shall be from the time the light of thy countenance beamed upon me."

Poor Cora was in great distress as to what she should do. Her own poor womanly intuition told her at once the meaning of this visit. The Asiatic meant to claim her as part of the "loot" to which he was entitled by virtue of discovery.

The Sepoy was of large stature, richly dressed, with an enormous nose, twisted and turned to one side; small, restless eyes; large moustache; a frightful broad mouth, filled with long, yellow, carnivorous looking teeth, and a complexion as black as that of an African. His head was bound up in a yellow turban, his right hand rested upon the handle of a curved scimetar supported at his hip, while his left hand hung idly at his side, his fingers twitching, as if he could scarcely keep them from clutching the jewel before him.

But the wolf strives to convince the lamb; and so, while the Sepoy was fully resolved upon claiming the fair, helpless victim, he still sought to win her by a semblance of wooing.

As Cora's senses gradually came back to her, she glanced at the door and then at the window, in the effort to decide through which she should leap in case he advanced, for she was determined that she would throw herself upon the pavement below, before he should lay hands upon her.

The only possible chance for her to escape was to gain time, and if the fiend kept his distance she might hit upon some desperate scheme of thwarting this most dangerous foe.

A few more extravagant compliments were uttered, which Cora parried as well as she could, her mind actively at work upon the one all-absorbing question of how to secure safety in flight. All this time he stood with his back partly towards the bouquet of which we have spoken, and in the twilight gloom it had escaped his attention; but he could not fail to notice the wonderfully sweet perfume that filled the room. His reference to it was precisely what might have been expected.

"The odors of Araby never equaled that which comes from thy lips and fills this room, and which, indeed, greeted my footsteps while searching for thee."

Without attempting to reply, Cora silently pointed to the mystic bouquet, and the Asiatic turned his head in that direction. For the first time he seemed to learn of the presence of the blossoms, and he stood for a moment looking at them with genuine wonder.

"I never saw the like," he said, as if speaking to himself. "I knew not that Cawnpoor could afford such flowers."

And he took a step towards them; leaning over, the tip of his nose touched the centre of the bouquet and he drew in a long breath, as if with delight at the heavenly aroma exhaled; but he had scarcely touched it when a sharp cry escaped him, and he clapped his hand over his face.

"*I am bitten! I am bitten! There is a serpent hidden in the leaves!* 'Twas the trap you set for me—but you shall not live to triumph," he exclaimed, and raising his scimetar, rushed towards her. Cora saw that he staggered and was not himself, and she easily evaded the impending blow; as he turned unsteadily to repeat it, the next moment she had grasped the door, opened it, and was speeding frenziedly along the hall, with the Sepoy in full pursuit.

The terrified glance which she cast over her shoulder, showed her the figure of a straggling man, drawn against the twilight beyond, as he pitched uncertainly along, striking wildly at vacancy with his scimetar, in his blind efforts to revenge himself upon her whom he believed to be the cause of his death.

Cora had gone but a comparatively short distance, when she missed the lumbering tread and knew that all danger from that source was ended. With her hand pressed against her chest, as if to quell the tumultuous throbbing, she paused to ask herself what she should do, now that the terrible peril had passed.

She could not bring herself to go back to the apartment which she had just left; to do so she would have to step over the prostrate body of the dead or dying Sepoy. It was easy enough now to see why Dowlah had placed the bouquet in the room, and why he had warned her against approaching it. It had proven the most powerful means of defence that could be placed in her hands, for it had saved her from a fate worse than death. It was no more than natural that any one entering the room should do as the Asiatic had done, in which event, the deadly serpent, coiled and concealed among the flowers, was sure to bury its deadly fangs in the face of its disturber. The girl, too, saw what would have been her fate had she disregarded her pledge to Dowlah.

It was now growing dark, and she stood leaning against the door that opened out upon the court, where sat the huge, horrid figure of the Hindoo god, Bathoo. Her own figure was draped in darkness, for night had descended, but the soft moonlight dimly illumined the open court in which the hideous features and outline were plainly visible of the inanimate monstrosity.

Once more, as thus she stood, did her ears catch the dull heavy boom of cannon in the distance; oftener and nearer than when last heard, and she knew that the scene of battle was approaching closer to Cawnpoor.

"They are nearly here," she repeated to herself; "they have fought hard, but they have gained ground and must be here to-morrow. But will they still be living at the Subada Kothee?"

As her eyes turned towards the idol, she recalled the closing words of the last message received from Dowlah—"*If forced to leave, go to Bathoo and pull the string beneath his great toe. He will take care of you.*"

She began to suspect that there was more in this than at first supposed. It was not to be presumed that he, knowing her to be a Christian, would advise her to apply to a Hindoo idol in the hope of obtaining benefit in a professional capacity.

The more she reflected, the more satisfied did she become that she had made an error, and that the Snake-Charmer had really placed in her hands the key to some potent mystery. Filled with this growing belief, she advanced from the dark doorway across the moonlit space, and paused in front of the idol, looking up into its hideous face.

She was obliged to lift the drapery and search for some time before her hand rested upon the enormous sandeled foot of the god. Groping around in the darkness she found the toe, but there was no open space beneath it. Making certain of this, she moved over to the other foot, where at the first effort her hand passed into a narrow horizontal opening, and she grasped something resembling the tassel of a cord.

While she stood hesitating what to do, her ear caught a slight sound; the next moment she saw half a dozen shadowy figures issuing from as many different directions; and all centreing directly upon her. It needed not the second glance to show that they were the very foes from whom she was striving to escape!

CHAPTER XXV.

Our free flag is dancing
In the free mountain air,
And burnished arms are glancing,
And warriors gathering there.
—*Bryant.*

Allahabad, the city of Allah, is situated at the junction of the rivers Ganges and Jumna, one hundred and forty-three miles from Cawnpoor and not quite five hundred from Calcutta. Its site is supposed to be that of the Prasii, named Palibathra, which flourished long before the invasion of India by Alexander the Great. The Brahmins call it *Bhat Prayag* (Most Holy), on account of its position, the most important of all the sacred confluences of rivers in Hindostan, all such confluences being declared sacred by the Vedas. So great is its reputation for sanctity that more than two hundred thousand devotees have visited it in a single year, and hundreds have annually drowned themselves at the junction of the rivers, fully assured that by so doing they secured themselves an eternity of happiness.

An outbreak and mutiny occurred here during the early part of June, but it was promptly suppressed, and the discomfited rebels hurried away to Cawnpoor and Lucknow, to which points the real danger was transferred, although, from the cutting of telegraphic communications, the full extent of the terrible peril was not comprehended. On the first of July, a column of troops, consisting of four hundred Europeans, three hundred Sikhs and one hundred and twenty irregular cavalry, with two guns, under the command of Major Renaud, were despatched from Allahabad to the relief of Sir Hugh Wheeler at Cawnpoor. On the next day, tidings from Sir H. Lawrence reached Allahabad of the fate of the station, but General Havelock refused to believe it. On the succeeding day, a steamer, with one hundred Europeans, armed with Minie rifles, twelve artillerymen and two six-pounders, started up the river, the intention of General Havelock being to follow on the 4th with three guns and a full regiment of one thousand men. Circumstances, however, prevented his departure until the 7th of July, at which time Captain Ned Livingston joined the force as a volunteer in the cavalry, and was furnished with a sword in addition to the revolver which he already carried.

Captain Spurgin was placed in charge of the troops upon the little steamer Berhamprota. A number of years before a steamer had attempted to ascend the Ganges above this point, but utterly failed, and the general belief was that the present effort would result similarly. Beside this country on both banks of the river was in the hands of the rebels. The boat carried no coal, and the fuel consequently was obtained by foraging; the first day's supply being gathered under the fire of five hundred matchlockmen, in the Oude country, who were also furnished with a large gun, while half the men were collecting fuel. Captain Spurgin fought the enemy with the other half, routed them and captured their gun. The greatest difficulty, however, was with the Ganges itself, the current of which was so rapid that the steamer made very tardy progress, never averaging more than two miles an hour, and occasionally at some bend in the river, they were obliged to cast off the boats they were towing and draw them around one at a time. On the third day news was received of the fall of Cawnpoor, and the Captain was ordered henceforth to keep company with Havelock's column. Accordingly he lay to, and was quietly awaiting the approach of his commander, when a round shot came plunging across the deck of the little steamer from a point nine hundred yards distant.

The steamer returned the fire, and the cannonade became so hot, that the decks were piled up with bedding and baggage, and Captain Spurgin concluded to draw out of range until morning, at which time the mutineers were missing.

In this way it may be said that the steamer literally fought her way, mile by mile, to Cawnpoor. All along the way the indigo-planters and railway officials had been killed, their houses burnt and other property destroyed. Every cantonment looked as if shaken by an earthquake; the Sepoys had sacked the treasury, murdering the officers and their families. Rapine, civil war and dire confusion reigned everywhere.

On the afternoon of July 7th, General Havelock marched out from Allahabad with seventeen hundred men and six guns, his intention being to overtake the advance column under Major Renaud.

The rains had already set in, and the tents, baggage and clothing of the troops were soaked. First night of the march the encampment was pitched in a swamp, and as it was still raining, and the tents and provision did not come up until near morning, the condition of the soldiers was about as wretched and dismal as was possible.

After the third day the rate of the advance was increased, the troops pressing forward by the Great Trunk road, which in many places showed traces of Major Renaud's advance.

Carcasses of mutineers and plunderers were found suspended from the trees along the roadside, while the malicious ferocity of the Sepoys themselves, was none the less apparent. Bullock-trains and baggage-carts were destroyed and scattered along the road; the telegraph wires, up to within nineteen miles of Allahabad, ripped from the poles and thrown into the fields. Still the troops pressed steadily forward, suffering frightfully from the fervor of the sun, which between the deluges of rain, seemed to blaze with intolerable power upon the heads of those thus struggling along; a great many were smitten down and lay dying along the roadside, it being impossible to carry them forward.

The position of Major Renaud's advance column had become dangerous, and General Havelock advanced at a still more rapid rate. On the 10th of July his column reached Syners, and resuming the march again at midnight came up with Major Renaud just before daylight, after which the march was continued to a place called Khaga, about five miles from Futtehpore, which is of itself forty-eight miles from Cawnpoor. Here a fierce battle took place. The English, exhausted and worn out, were stretched upon the ground, waiting for their supper, when the reconnoitering party that had been sent in the direction of Futtehpore came dashing back with the an-

nouncement that a large rebel force was charging down upon them. At the same moment, the Sepoy cavalry was seen to emerge from a tope on the further end of the plain in rapid pursuit. A large body of rebel infantry, with some guns, had followed the horsemen from Futtehpoor, and having placed their field pieces in position, opened fire at long range, as if daring the troops to the attack. The challenge was promptly accepted, and the soldiers having formed for the advance, General Havelock rode down the column of the Seventy-eighth Regiment, which had served with him in the Persian war, and addressing the men, said:

"Highlanders! when we were going to Mohamrah, I promised you a field day. I could not give it you then, as the Persians run away; but, Highlanders, we will have it to-day, and let yonder fellows see the stuff you are made of."

A hearty cheer followed this address, and the command to advance was given. Guns and skirmishers were ordered to the front; the artillery pushed on in line with the Enfield rifles, and soon came into close action with the guns of the enemy, of which three were taken, after a brief interchange of shots that established the superiority of the English fire in point of precision and rapidity. From these guns the mutineers rapidly fell back upon a second battery formed on the road in the rear, where they again attempted to make a stand. By this time the skirmishers on both sides were hotly engaged, and the enemy's cavalry were moving round with the purpose of outflanking the rear, so that the advance of the English guns was retarded by the imperative necessity of halting to open fire on the right and left, in order to check the horsemen and drive them from their flanks. The ground was so soft and muddy, that the tired bullocks, assisted by the gunners, could scarcely move the pieces, but it was finally accomplished, and Havelock's artillery again came into action with the enemy's guns and infantry directly in front. Among the later was seen a large elephant, richly caparisoned, bearing the commander of the whole Sepoys, and it was plain to see that all their movements were directed from that quarter. One of the English artillerymen, suspecting that this might be Nana Sahib himself, and certain, at any rate, that he was the most important personage in the rebel army, carefully trained his gun at the man and fired. It was a well-aimed shot, but instead of striking the Sepoy general, the solid shot hit the elephant, and as the mountainous mass was lurched forward the leader had barely time to leap out of the car. This sudden fall of the Sepoy commander produced a partial panic, and their army made another retrograde movement, abandoning their guns, while the wearied English dashed forward in pursuit until the town of Futtehpoor was reached, when the rebels attempted to make another stand amongst the gardens and houses, but they were speedily dislodged and driven out by those whose blood was fired at the prospect of avenging the outrages upon their countrymen.

The entrance to the main street at Futtehpoor, was blocked up by a barricade, so compact, and placed in such an advantageous position, that it was supposed to be a defence thrown up by the foe, where they had determined to make a final stand, but after being battered down, it was discovered to be nothing more than an immense pile of the enemy's baggage wagons, which had become jammed into such inextricable confusion, that they were obliged to abandon it; and the men were fired to fury by constantly discovering among the treasures, dresses, jewelry, and other relics taken from the English women who had been murdered and despoiled by these merciless fiends. As soon as the way was cleared, the guns were hurried forward, and the last shot was fired at the enemy's infantry in full flight a mile beyond the town. During this battle, the Sepoy cavalry displayed an activity that amazed the British. They moved and worked their forces at different points with astonishing rapidity, and their field manœuvreing was almost faultless.

The irregular Oude cavalry showed such a rebellious spirit in the face of the enemy in the action of July 12, and again two days later, that General Havelock dismounted and disarmed them. On the 14th the march to Cawnpoor was resumed, the precipitancy of the rebels' flight being shown in the chests, cartridges, shot, clothing, tents, arms and accoutrements scattered along the entire way.

Among the spoil thus abandoned on the route, a store of forty barrels of English porter was discovered by the pursuers, and never did "liquid refreshments" vanish more quickly than did that.

That night General Havelock encamped at Kulleanpoor, only twenty-two miles from Cawnpoor, and at dawn on Wednesday morning, July 15, the united force under this daring and skillful general recommenced the advance, with the knowledge that the enemy had again collected in force and thrown up entrenchments a short distance from Kulleanpoor. After a march of five miles, the rebels were overtaken near a small village called Oong, when the fight recommenced the instant the two forces came within range of each other. It raged with unexampled fierceness until night, when the mutineers were driven from every position. At this time tidings reached the Europeans that a still heavier fight awaited them on the morrow. The whole of the Sepoy regiments at Cawnpoor—about four thousand infantry and five hundred horse—had been brought down by Nana Sahib himself, who, appreciating the desperate situation, had taken up a position at the fork of the Grand Trunk road, about four miles from Cawnpoor, where one road branches off into cantonments and the other continues directly on to Delhi. Here they had snugly entrenched themselves, with heavy guns placed so as to command the road and sweep it with a flanking fire.

The ferocious resistance of the mutineers and their immense numbers convinced General Havelock that he needed reinforcements before engaging in the final struggle, and he had previously made a pressing requisition upon the officer commanding at Allahabad. On the 16th, Brigadier General Neill started two hundred and twenty-seven of the Eighty-fourth Regiment, with orders to march twenty-miles a night, so as to reach Cawnpoor in five days. On the same day, General Neill turned over his command to Captain Hay, of the Seventy-eighth Highlanders, and started by dak (or relays of post-wagons), the sooner to reach the same point.

On the morning of July 16th, the English were only twenty-two miles from Cawnpoor, and they were determined to be within the city before the rising of the next day's sun. The troops bivouacked within eight miles of their destination, and at 1 P. M., were again in motion. This march was one of the severest ever made in India. In the fervid midday heat, each man fully armed and accoutred with a full compliment of ammunition, pressed on toward the doomed city. Knowing the position of the guns, a flank movement was made, when the rebels opened upon them.

Then began one of the most sanguinary battles of the war. The Highlanders charged into the village, and went at it hand to hand, driving out the mutineers street by street and house by house, and at night the English bivouacked on the plain beyond the grand parade ground at Cawnpoor.

At daybreak on the 17th, a huge pillar of smoke was seen issuing from the city, which was soon followed by a heavy detonation, and it became known shortly after that Nana Sahib had blown up the grand magazine and arsenal, and had ignominiously fled. A few hours later, General Havelock and his troops marched into Cawnpoor.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"How ill this taper burns!
Ha! Who comes here?
Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh.
My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horror!"

From a memorandum in the Mahratta language, made by one of the guards, it appears that there were two hundred and ten European women and children confined in the building known as the Subada Kothee. For some time after the treacherous occupation of Cawnpoor by Nana Sahib, he took every means to assure the inhabitants, by proclamation and military displays, that the rule of the English in India was ended forever. No doubt he was sanguine of an overwhelming triumph at Futtehpoor, but, when tidings reached him of the irresistible advance of the conquerors, he sent reinforcements after reinforcements until he gathered all the available troops that were left, and headed them himself.

The preceding chapter has already told their utter discomfiture, and his own cowardly flight back to the city. His appearance here caused the wildest panic, and from noon until midnight, nothing but frenzied mobs were seen rushing toward Lucknow and Delhi, while others concealed themselves among the neighboring villages.

Immediately after the defeat of the mutineers at Futtehpoor, several spies (whether real or imaginary is uncertain) were brought to the Nana and reported to be the bearers of letters, supposed to have been written to the British by the suffering women in the prison; with whom some of the Mahagurs and Bengalees of the city were believed to be implicated. The Nana thereupon issued orders that the spies, together with all the women and children and several men whose lives had been spared under the promise of a ransom, should be put to death, and that the Baboos of the city, and every person who could read or write English, should have their right hands and noses cut off.

The native spies, as they were called, were first put to the sword; and after them a half dozen gentlemen, who were brought from the out-buildings in which they had been confined, and were shot. The executioners then advanced to the door of the building where the ladies were imprisoned, and commanded them in a loud voice to come out; but they knew what such an order meant, and refused to do so. They were threatened with being killed where they were unless they did so; but this only caused the mothers to clasp their children closer to their breasts, while the others clung together, determined that after having shared so many perils, they would die together. An attempt was then made to drag them forth, but they clung so close it was impossible, and, losing all patience, the troopers brought muskets and began firing through the doors and windows. When a perfect storm of shot had been sent among the shrieking innocents, they rushed in with sword and bayonet to complete the work. Many of the women clasped the knees of their murderers and begged in the most piteous manner that their lives might be spared; but in no case was mercy shown. From a little before sunset until candlelight, on the 16th of July, 1857, was occupied in this massacre. The doors were then locked for the night, and the murderers went to their homes. Early in the morning they returned, and upon opening the doors found that some ten or fifteen women, with several children, had managed to escape from death by hiding under the murdered bodies of their fellow prisoners. A new order was sent to put these to death; learning which, the survivors dashed through the doors into the compound, and threw themselves headlong into a large well. Those that had been murdered were then dragged forth and cast in upon them.

Such in brief is a true history of the infamous massacre of Cawnpoor, which in blood-curdling atrocity finds few parallels in ancient or modern history.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE swings on little hinges. It keeps an active little servant to do a good deal of its fine work. The name of the little servant is tact. Tact is nimble-footed and quick-fingered; tact sees without looking; tact has always a good deal of small change on hand; tact carries no heavy weapons, but can do wonders with a sling and stone; tact never runs its head against a stone wall; tact always spies a sycamore tree up which to climb when things are becoming crowded and unmanageable on the level ground; tact has a cunning way of availing itself of a word, or a smile, or a gracious wave of the hand; tact carries a bunch of curiously-fashioned keys, which can turn all sorts of locks; tact plants its monosyllables wisely, for being a monosyllable itself it arranges its own order with all the familiarity of friendship; tact—aly, versatile, diving, running, flying tact—governs the great world, yet touches the big baby under the impression that it has not been touched at all.

EVERY condition in life has its advantages and its peculiar sources of happiness. It is not the houses and the streets which make the city, but those who frequent them; it is not the fields which make the country, but those who cultivate them. He is wisest who best utilizes his circumstances, or, to translate it, his surroundings; and happiness, if we deserve it, will find us, wherever our lot may be cast.

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

ENIGMAS.

1.

I am composed of 37 letters.
My 29, 6, 25, 35, 21, 13 is part of a boat.
My 10, 30, 1, 0 is a musical instrument.
My 8, 33, 16, 5, 33, 10, 20 was a celebrated king—mentioned in the Bible.
My 18, 3, 31, 14, 32 is a planet.
My 33, 26, 7, 28, 23 was the discoverer of one of the greatest of modern inventions.
My 11, 30, 36, 6, 24, 27 is yet to come.
My 4, 37, 19, 8, 20, 14, 12 is the name of a tree.
My 11, 16, 34, 29, 15, 31, 4, 9 is a city in Italy.
My 2, 23, 29, 28, 4, 37, 21, 16, 18 was a great astronomer.
My 28, 17, 16, 22, 3, 20, 36 is what all business men like to be.
My 37, 5, 10, 25 was an English poet.
My 11, 24, 17, 28, 4 will soon be here.
My whole is a proverb.

NANCY.

2.

I am a small word, and, if read from the right,
I'm the emblem of all that is lovely and bright;
But feared and abhorred, if read from the left—
I prowl in the dark, and am noted for theft.

B. J. BROWN.

CHARADES.

1. My first I hope you are; my second I see you are; my whole I know you are.

GAHMER.

2.

When in the condition my first doth imply,
We both see and we think, we laugh and we cry;
Made of six letters, and syllables two,
It pertains to all animals breathing like you.

My next is a thing of a different kind;
It sees and discerns not, because it is blind;
Geology only can say whence it came,
While it differs in use and varies in name.

My whole is a man, in whose name can be said,
That there's a conjunction of both quick and dead;
So place them together, and you will feel sure
That, though dead, he in history lives evermore.

F. W. MANN.

3.

My first with sweetness divine is fraught;
It never by mortal hand was wrought;
Surmounting her coils of shining hair,
My second becometh the maiden fair;
Fretted and carved, or studded with pearls,
It gleameth amid her braids and curls;
Full is my whole of rich stored cells,
The artist who maketh my first there dwells.

BURIED PROVERB.

Nobody can tell it if you don't say it.
A sparrow may fly as high as it will, but it will remain a sparrow still.
Dogs that quarrel will come limping home.
Be always in time; too late is a crime.
Love me, love my dog.
Masters are mostly the greatest servants in the house.
Be not severe on any one's faults, except your own.
Cut the loaf fair, if you eat it all.
A mewing cat is a bad mouser.
Keep clear of debt and law.
Dog days; ladies, beware of puppies.
One word taken from each proverb, in rotation, will give another proverb.

SCRIBO.

WORD SQUARE.

1. The noblest liquor this, I claim,
2. The rainbow's colors this will name;
3. A name oft found among woman kind;
4. A "hairy man" brings to your mind.

GAHMER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A British general of the Revolution.
2. Is a town of Wisconsin.
3. A lake of New York.
4. A gentleman's name.

My initials form the name of a flower, and my final the name of a fish.

LITTLE ONE.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A vowel. 2. What all must come to. 3. The reverse of dark. 4. An island. 5. A delicious fruit. 6. A hotel. 7. A consonant. Centrals form an island.

LITTLE ONE.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why are political harangues like certain rivers?
2. Why is a man that fails in kissing a girl like a shipwrecked fisherman?
3. Why is Gillott accountable for much dishonesty?
4. Why are the Marys the most amiable of their sex?
5. What is the difference between a wife and an editor?
6. What is the shape of a kiss?

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 15.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 9, Vol. 34.

HIDDEN RIVERS.—1. Don. 2. Dwina. 3. See. 4. Severn. 5. Boyne. 6. Derwent. 7. Po. 8. Loire. 9. Ebro. 10. Orne. 11. Meuse. 12. Marne. 13. Weser. 14. Bog.

ENIGMAS.—1. The letter M.

2.

M u M
A nn A
D ee D
A nan A
M ini M

CHARADE.—Pal-ace.

NUMBERED CHARADE.—California.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. Because they have studded the heavens since the world began. 2. Undressed Morocco. 3. Fiddle, D. D. 4. Because one sells much that he knows has been *hooked*.

DECAPITATIONS. — 1. Scrape, crape, rape, ape, pea. 2. Box, ox.

WORD SQUARE.—

T A L E
A S I A
L I D S
E A S T

REMEMBRANCE.

BY PAUL MICHEL.

A cloud that sweeps the summer sky of gold,
A breath which breaks the calm of landscape fair,
A distant chime across the meadow borne,
The touch of chords in some forgotten air,
A waken sweet remembrance of a time
When thou and I were young and wisely gay.
We did not peer into the distance then—
We only knew and trusted in "to-day."

The song thou singest now hath sweeter grown
Since long ago, for years have proved its truth;
The dimples of thy cheeks are furrows now,
And yet thou art more lovely than in youth.
Perhaps mine eyes are not so clear as then—
Yet seems to me the day as freshly bright—
But everything is waked to keener sense,
Which once was but a pleasure to my sight.

Thy silv'ry hair, thy soft familiar touch,
Thy faded cheek, thy spirit's mellowed grace,
Awakeners are of all that better part,
In whose resolve I can the present trace.
A while we gaze into the life that was,
Until, by countless steps, we reach once more
The life that is; and here Remembrance waits—
A nameless barque upon a hidden shore.

FACE TO FACE;

OR,

SINNING FOR HER SAKE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GERALD," "TWICE WON," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 5, Vol. 34. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXV.

FACE TO FACE.

Faithful to his intention of removing Milly, Herbert Benson resolved to persuade Mr. Lowe that he doubted his story, feeling sure that if he thought he was still in pursuit of his daughter, he would send her to a distant place.

With this intention, he presented himself at Mr. Lowe's house. Tommy Wilson was standing about the door as he approached it; but he moved off at sight of Herbert, with a look of implacable hatred in his eyes which haunted the other, in spite of himself, and filled him with a kind of puzzled uneasiness.

He was ushered into the parlor, and left to himself, the maid who had answered the summons telling him that Mr. Lowe would come directly. But, perhaps, Mr. Lowe had heard who his visitor was, for he certainly did not hurry himself.

At last he appeared. Coming straight up to the fire-place, near which Herbert stood, he looked at him scowlingly.

"Well," he said, "what do you want with me?"

"I have something I wished to tell you."

"Speak, then."

"I thought it right you should know that I utterly disbelieve the tale you tried to palm off on me a little while back."

"You think, then, that a marriage between yourself and my daughter is possible?"

"I do."

"At the same time you will respect my wishes?"

"No; I mean to have Milly, if she will have me."

At this minute, a bright, eager, young face—Milly's, only transformed, as it were, with the passionate joy that was in her heart—just darkened the doorway, and was gone. She had seen him come, and divining that his visit meant well for her, had reconciled herself to playing eavesdropper out of regard for the eagerness that was well nigh consuming her. There she stood, breathless, on the outer threshold, listening not only with her ears, but also with her heart.

At Herbert's speech she felt herself stifling, and bent forward, involuntarily, into sight; but the two men were each too absorbed to notice her.

Mr. Lowe went on, angrily, "You must be without honor, without heart, without conscience, without common decency even, to continue your pursuit of my daughter, after what I have told you. It was a most painful communication for me to make, and it was only a sense of duty which induced me to conquer my qualms. I thought, of course, you would appreciate my effort."

"If it had been made ten years earlier I might have done so," interrupted Herbert, hastily. "As it is, I am forced to suspect your motives. The information came at a very peculiar time."

"I delayed as long as I dared."

"When you should have warned me of it from the first."

"Nay; for my daughter's sake, I refrained."

"Did you suppose that the blow would be less keen now than then? She was a child in those days, and if she loved me, it was with a child's love. She is a woman now, and her noble, true heart will be wounded to the core by the bitter necessity of resigning the hope she has so long indulged."

"Women get over these things fast enough."

"You judge them by yourself, I expect," retorted Herbert, significantly. "Milly, although she is your own daughter, you have injured irreparably; and if any harm should happen to her, you will have yourself to thank."

"What harm should happen to her?" faltered Mr. Lowe.

Like all overbearing men, he was subjugated by a violent display of spirit, and, moreover, he certainly loved Milly, in his own selfish fashion, better than anything else in the world, excepting, perhaps, money.

"Milly is very beautiful!" (What a bright flush passed over the sweet face at the door!) "Others will see this as well as I, if she is left unprotected."

"She lives under my roof, and that's enough."

"How should you know anything of her movements when you are away? For instance, she walked out the other day. Can you tell me who were her companions?"

"I did not know she had any."

"That's just it. I saw her in Lord Oakland's company, and brought her home myself, almost to your door."

"You are very bold, sir, to make that confession to my face."

"I meant to be bold, and candid, too; for you are hard to convince, sir, and it is necessary you should be convinced."

"You consider my daughter in danger, then?"

"In the greatest possible danger. I have seen and spoken with Lord Oakland, and he defies me, and laughs at my interference. He acknowledges that your daughter's society is pleasant to him, and he means to seek it on every occasion."

Mr. Lowe smiled. Ambition was his great fault, joined with avarice; and he actually dared to dream that Lord Oakland might marry Millicent Lowe.

And Milly listening with all her heart, behind the door, could not understand how it was that Herbert could be so foolish as to prejudice his own cause by such an avowal as he had just made. She had sense enough to know that Lord Oakland only meant to amuse himself with her. She would not confess this to Herbert, because she wished to pique him into good behavior, and fancied that this was the way; but she never deceived herself; and if he had understood her better, Herbert need not have given himself a moment's anxiety on her account.

When he saw the gratified smile on Mr. Lowe's face, he began to comprehend that he should have left Lord Oakland's name out of the discussion altogether. Mr. Lowe's first words showed that he had been guilty of a serious mistake.

"I am sure it was very condescending of his lordship to see that my daughter was properly protected. The lanes are very lonely, and I daresay it was getting late. I shall take the opportunity of thanking him when I see him."

"Mr. Lowe, you must be mad."

"I tell you what, sir; if you can't keep a civil tongue in your head, go out of this house. I gave you your answer awhile back, and, as I don't mean to alter it, I don't see the use of your coming here. If it's to set me and my daughter against each other, I may as well tell you, once for all, I won't listen to any of your scandals. Lord Oakland is quite welcome to walk with Milly, whenever he likes. I'm getting up in the world now, and he might make a worse match."

"He has no intention of marrying her."

"How do you know?"

"Because he doesn't even pretend that he has. Her beauty pleases his eye, her wit amuses him, and he has been brought up to think that he may take his pleasure, even when his pleasure is destruction to another."

"It is not at all likely he would tell you what he meant to do."

"On the contrary, I think if he had any honorable intentions, he would have been only too glad to say so, if only for the sake of quieting me."

"You are jealous of my daughter's luck."

"I am jealous of her honor."

"I'll take care of her; never you fear."

"But you don't take care of her."

"Just be good enough to mind your own affairs."

"I'm minding my own, in minding Milly's."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I told you just now that I meant to marry her, if she would marry me."

At this astounding repetition, Mr. Lowe rose to his feet, in passionate defiance.

"You scoundrel, do you think my daughter shall marry a beggar?"

"Why not? Her father was a beggar once. I am only beginning where he began."

"Did I not tell you that she was——"

"Hush!" exclaimed Herbert, in a terrified whisper. "Do not let that word of horror pass your lips; remember that even the walls would tremble to hear it now. If it had been so, it should have been told years and years ago. Spoken at such a time as this, I look upon it as a cruel lie, fabricated by you in order to separate two loving hearts. As such, I reject it utterly, and shall act as if I had never been told."

"The sin be on your head," answered Mr. Lowe, passionately. "I have warned you, remember."

"At the eleventh hour. I cannot listen to such a warning. Besides, you have not even spoken of it to your daughter, which you would certainly have done had it been true."

Herbert was using the very arguments he used to himself, whenever a doubt assailed him; but, in his own mind, he had come to believe the truth of the assertion Mr. Lowe had made that night, and the horror of which had struck him insensible to the ground.

Mr. Lowe had forced him to promise that he would not tell Milly. Still, Herbert thought that he would do so himself, and save him from the pain of even seeming fickle and cruel to the most loving little heart that ever beat under a maiden's bodice.

There seemed no real reason why Milly should be kept in suspense. Only that Mr. Lowe wished Herbert's conduct to prejudice her against him; and though he was willing to make terrible sacrifices for such an end, the easiest way of separating them, and also the most sure, was to tell her the painful secret, which was a great bar to their union as death itself. Milly would be satisfied then; and, even if the sorrow should kill her, the lingering pain she suffered now could not be better. And truth is precious, even when it destroys.

But Mr. Lowe did not show any symptoms of relenting. He made a fierce gesture of distain.

"I have a right to do as I like about that; and, if I see fit to withhold such information, it is entirely my own affair. You would like my daughter to learn to hate me, I dare say, in order that you might get her more into your own power."

"Milly is quite in my power now," said Herbert, firmly, but sadly.

"How?"

"She loves me, and I have but to speak, to take her from you."

"You forget that she is under age."

"No, I had not forgotten."

"And you fancy that I could not prevent this match?"

"I am sure of it."

"I must be a fool, indeed, if I could not manage to keep my daughter out of your reach."

"If Milly were on your side, the task would be easy enough. As it is, I am more likely to be right than you."

"By heavens, sir, you shall *not!*" thundered Mr. Lowe.

"We shall see," replied Herbert, quietly.

His object was to exasperate Mr. Lowe, and force him into parting with Milly. All the rest was easy after this. Only his unfortunate allusion to Lord Oakland had retarded matters, and made Mr. Lowe unwilling to send her out of the neighborhood, lest, thereby, he should stand in the way of a splendid fortune for her and him. Herbert realized this now, and could have bitten his tongue in twain for its indiscretion.

He had thought to do good—had fancied that all the father in Mr. Lowe would respond to this appeal, but, alas! he did not know the ambitious nature of the man with whom he had to deal. Mr. Lowe would almost have rather had poor Milly ruined in the eyes of every one than not to have had her name connected with Lord Oakland's.

This was why he hesitated in answering Herbert. He could not come to a determination as to how he should act. It would not do, he thought, to miss any chance of such a splendid alliance. But then, again, if Milly remained, it seemed just possible that Herbert might carry his threat into execution, and that would place an insuperable barrier to any such plan as his ambition had suggested as probable.

"You defy me, then?" stammered out Mr. Lowe, hoarse with rage.

"I do."

"And I tell you plainly that you shall not succeed."

"That remains to be proved. It has come now to a trial of strength between us, sir, and I suppose it is natural for both of us to feel confident. But I believe that if you were to ask Milly herself, which was the most likely to win, she would tell you I was, without a second's hesitation."

"I should think she has too much sense to prefer a beggar to an earl's son."

"No man can be called a beggar, sir, all the while he has strength to work. And, besides, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Milly has no chance of winning the earl's son. If he knew that you had any such pretentions, he would laugh them to scorn. I tell you again—I am only quoting his own words—that he is simply amusing himself."

"Of course you would say that."

"Not unless it were true."

"I should be very sorry to trust your word, young man."

Herbert rose then.

"It is no use prolonging this interview," he said. "You know what I mean now, and can do as you think proper. But I feel absolutely sure that if Milly has to choose between us, she will choose me. I have the license ready, so that, the moment she can give you the slip, which will be easy enough, there is nothing to prevent our marriage."

"You must be mad, after what I told you."

"I have had a long conversation with old Nanny, and she seems to think it is a miserable falsehood from beginning to end."

"Old Nanny has a false tongue; and, besides, what should she know?" answered Mr. Lowe, with a guilty look, which, as he turned his head aside to conceal from Herbert, met Milly's watchful eyes, and set her wondering as to what this secret could be, which had well-nigh separated her and Herbert.

But, thank heaven! he had relented, and was her true lover still. Had he not declared that he would marry her in spite of everything, if she were willing, and could there be the faintest doubt of that?

Milly was sure enough of her own feelings to be able to answer unconditionally "No." It had come to the point now, when she must either take Herbert at once, or lose him altogether; and she had suffered so much from his coldness of late, that she was ready to welcome this blessed change by any sacrifice that could be demanded of her.

Herbert was the next to speak, and it was strange how every word he uttered, went stinging to Milly's heart, chilling her joy suddenly.

"Old Nanny says that you were never the kind of man to love disinterestedly, or to sacrifice anything to such a love."

Mr. Lowe walked to the door, which he flung wide open.

Milly had only just time to dart away, catching up her hat and shawl as she went, before she heard the thunder of her father's passionate words.

"March out, sir, and the first time you cross my threshold, even if it were to save my life, I'll have you taken up for a thief—do you hear? As to my daughter, I'll take care of her; by noon to-morrow she will be miles and miles beyond your reach, and safe from the persecutions of a beggarly admirer, who, I should say, had to borrow the money to pay for a license he will never use. Now go!"

Herbert came forth like a conqueror, with his head erect, and a sad, soft smile on his lips. Poor Milly! poor little love! She must suffer now, and through him; but, hereafter, she would thank him with her whole heart, and acknowledge that what he had done had been wise and just. This thought was still moving him, and a tear lingered in his eyes, though the lips smiled still, when Milly, rosy with joy, her fair hair streaming in the wind, darted through the hedge, and confronted him—clasping him round with her white, winding arms.

"Oh, Herbert, I will go with you this very minute, if you like! It is cruel and unjust to try to separate us, and all for some idle tale—some wretched scandal. Only ask me now, and hear what I will say. Your coldness has well-nigh killed me, but I have almost forgotten it now; I am so very, very glad!"

He put put her gently and gravely away from him.

"Milly I am going to ask a great favor of you."

"What is that?"

"To trust me. Our marriage is just as impossible as ever it was. I have been playing a part."

"You mean to say that you have been telling falsehoods?" she said, the brightness going quickly out of her eyes. "You saw me behind the door, and so you pretended that you loved me still, in order that you might have the pleasure of disappointing me afterwards."

"Oh, Milly, how could you think me capable of such baseness? I never even guessed that you were listening. If I had known, I should not have spoken at all. Some day you will recognize my deep, brotherly love in every act of this cruel drama, and exonerate me from blame. Do try and believe that I would never, but from dire necessity, cause you pain."

"Then why don't you tell the whole truth at once?"

"You know, Milly, that your father made me promise I would not."

"Then he ought."

"Assuredly. But I cannot force him. All my efforts have been directed to one point this morning, and in that I have succeeded."

"You wanted to make my father angry?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because I saw that unless I thoroughly frightened and exasperated him, there was no chance of his doing what I intended he should do."

"Send me away?"

"Yes, Milly."

"You are very kind, and your anxiety to be rid of me is very flattering. But suppose I refuse to go?"

"You won't, Milly."

"You are quite mistaken; that is what I mean to do."

"Milly, in memory of our old love, I beseech you to do me this favor. My heart is already so full of sorrow, that if it had to bear one more, it would break."

"You bring it entirely on yourself. We might have been quite happy if you had chosen. You told my father that you did not believe the tale he fabricated in order to separate us."

"But I did believe it all the while."

"You seem to have told a good many stories," said Milly, contemptuously.

"But you would have a man respect his oath, Milly?"

"It is better to break your word than to break any one's heart."

"I don't wonder that you reproach me; it must seem hard, all this mystery. But Heaven knows it is not my fault. Go away at your father's wish, and try to forget, in brighter scenes, that such an unfortunate creature as Herbert Benson ever existed."

There was a minute's silence.

Milly was weeping stealthily, and Herbert could find no word of comfort. Presently she looked up, and said, still sobbing, "I thought you told papa you had bought the license?"

"So I did."

"Was it another falsehood?"

He bowed his head in shame.

Though it was to save Milly he had done all this, when she taxed him with it, he forgot the motive, and only remembered the ignoble meanness—the sin of lying.

"Alas!" he said, faintly; "you do not know how much you have cost me, Milly; I could almost wish you never might, because I believe it will hurt you sadly to recognize how much harder your reproaches have made a hard task."

"Are you going?" she sighed out, softly, as she saw him turn.

"Yes, Milly, I am going. Remember the promise I made you some time back, that you should be taught to hate me, in spite of yourself; and—and—Heaven bless and keep you, forever and ever!"

He went sharply down the lane, without daring once to look back. Milly stood and watched him until he was out of sight, and then she felt conscious of a strange kind of exhaustion. Her heart began to beat violently—her head swam—she groped blindly for some support—and fell.

The cold air playing on her damp brow, brought her to herself. She lifted her head, and looked about her anxiously. At first, she could not recollect what had occurred, and wondered to find herself stretched on the ground, with her shawl folded carefully as a pillow for her heavy head.

She looked up interrogatively, and found Tommy Wilson standing above, with a face softened into tenderness in every rugged line and curve. She tried to rise then, but Tommy made a strange noise and shook his head emphatically. Finding her determined, he at once put the question beyond controversy by lifting her in his arms and conveying her quickly and carefully into the house, and putting her gently down on a sofa darted away.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NEVER DESPAIR.

Exasperated by repeated failures, old Mark called a meeting to decide what must be done. The place of rendezvous was, as usual, the old ruined castle, in the marshes.

Old Mark did not like to be beaten. He had been spoilt by impunity, and had learnt at last to consider himself exceedingly aggrieved when he was not allowed to help himself to as much game as he fancied.

Moreover, the last attempt had made some scandal. The keepers remained bound in the wood until nearly noon the next day, when Mr. Carthen, fairly frightened now, had sent a large body of laborers in search of them. When they came upon the keepers, who were well-nigh exhausted by being kept so long in a cramped position, the men were loud in their expressions of rage and menace; and, moreover, declared themselves almost certain as to the identity of two of the poachers—old Mark and Herbert Benson. The latter assertion was received with incredulity by the others, but Lawrence persisted.

"If he wasn't there I'll eat my head."

"What, Herbert?"

"Yes; I heard his voice once when he forgot to disguise it; and, moreover, his hat fell off in the midst of the fight."

"Well, I shall be sorry if it was."

"I can't say but what I am disappointed, too," answered Lawrence; "but still the truth is the truth all the world over."

"Of course it is; only, with your permission, Lawrence, I think we'd better keep that little matter to ourselves. If you was mistaken, you know, Mr. Benson's not the kind of man to stand any nonsense, and he'd make you suffer for it."

"I'll try and be sure before I speak, but as to old Mark, I'd swear to him."

"So would I," said Scourby; "and his son, too. Nat tackled me once," he added, rubbing his head, ruefully, "and there's no mistaking the blow of his fist—it rings so hard."

"And Master Herbert wasn't amiss," replied Lawrence, making doleful reference to a lump on his forehead. "The fact is, these poachers want putting down."

"But who's to do it?" asked Scourby.

"Well, Lord Dacre and Mr. Carthen. Those are the two who get paid off the worst. Now-a-days, it is almost as bad being a keeper as it is being a soldier in war-time. I haven't had a quiet night these three weeks; up at all hours on the lookout; and then this affair—it's more than mortal can bear!"

"I think master has always been unwilling to have old Mark caught, on account of his years; but there's an end even to his patience, I should fancy. There will never be any peace in the neighborhood all the while he is at liberty."

This speech was reported to old Mark by one of the laborers, who, without being a poacher himself, had strong sympathy for the leader and was glad to be able to do him a good turn. It was also mentioned in the village, and reached Mr. Lowe's ears, who at once sent for old Mark and Nat, and dismissed them from his employ.

"I have long suspected you both," he said, "but shut my eyes to your faults. Now it has gone too far to be looked over, and you must find work elsewhere."

"That's a fine way of keeping us from poachin'!" old Mark said to his son, as they walked away. "I don't mean to die of starvation when there is game to be had for getting!"

"Nor I," answered Nat.

"We'd better call a meeting."

"Very well, father."

"You may as well go round at once, and leave word at the cottages; the wives will be at home. It isn't as if you had to wait for work-hours to be over," added old Mark, with a bitter smile. "You are likely to have plenty of time on your hands by day."

"We had better sleep, then, father; that will make us all the fraiker o' nights."

"That's a good thought, lad! I'll see about it."

But, accustomed to his daily labor, somehow the hours lagged terribly. Nat went on his errand; old Mark settled himself to sleep. He removed his coat, and lay himself down on the bed, darkening the window, through which the bright sun poured, shaming him as a sluggard.

Old Mark sank at last into a restless slumber. He awoke, presently, with a bitter cry.

He had seen Nat again standing on the scaffold, with the hangman's cruel hands at his throat; and, beating the air wildly in the agony of despair, old Mark awoke.

"Hallos, father!"

"Ah!" answered the old man, with a deep sigh of relief. "You are there, then, Nat?"

"I've been back this half-hour, or more."

"I was thinking there was a scaffold up in the goal-yard."

Nat stared at the old man anxiously.

"Whatever put such a notion into your head, father?"

"Oh, nothing, lad, nothing," he answered, quickly. "It was only a fancy. There used to be when I was young; that is all."

"Only when there was people to be hung."

"Of course. But they hung for other things beside murder in my day," answered Mark, shuddering. "It's a good thing we live in different times."

He got up then, and made an effort to shake off his depression.

"Well, what do the men say?"

"They will all be there."

"What time did you say?"

"Midnight. I thought that was the safest."

"All right! Not as I've fancied that hour so well as some since our—our accident, you know."

"I don't believe it was a ghost now, father."

"What was it, then?"

"It couldn't have been an owl."

"More like an elephant!" said old Mark, contemptuously.

"Besides, it had a human-looking face; and that I'd swear to if this was the last word I had to speak!"

"Perhaps it was somebody who had hidden up to frighten us; or it might have been a spy."

"I tell you what," said old Mark, slowly, "it was a ghost, Nat; and there's no use in trying to get out of it! What it came for is more than I should like to say; but I make no doubt it had a meaning in its visit that we are meant to find out ourselves."

"Perhaps we ought to have asked it what it wanted, father."

"Is that your idea of manners?" inquired old Mark, tartly. "How would you like to be asked your business when you went on a visit?"

"Only, you see, we were ready to make a mistake, from not knowing."

"Perhaps it will come again," said old Mark, looking scared at his own suggestion.

"It is to be hoped it won't, father. If there is anything for us to know, we would rather hear it in some other fashion."

"So we would; only we mayn't have the chance, Nat."

"Anyhow, father, it's time enough to think about it when it does."

"So it is, lad, so it is; but I'm rather down-spirited this afternoon, and that's the fact. I seem to turn over in my mind to find something unpleasant to think of, as if that was any use. I'll have a bit to eat, and that will cheer me."

Nat, who had always seen to these things, for no woman had entered the cottage since his mother's death, got ready the noonday meal, and they sat down together.

"Eat hearty, Nat," said the old man, in rather a sad tone. "It may be the last time we shall have plenty on the board."

"Nay, father, we shan't starve all the while. I have hands to work."

"Only the farmers hereabouts won't have anything to say to you now, I expect."

"Well, but I never stole anything," replied Nat, rather surprised that his father should take this view of the matter. "Poachin' isn't thieving."

"Some of the gentlefolk want us to believe that it is just the same thing."

"That shows their sense, then," remarked Nat; "and the higher they are the more ignorant they are, it seems to me. *I* know what thieving is, and why shouldn't *they?*"

"Because they're perwerted; and, moreover, they take in everything the keepers tell them. That Lawrence is a sharp chap."

"Hush, boy! don't jest," said old Mark, gravely. "I don't feel in the humor for it to-day, somehow."

"That's just why you want cheering up, father."

"A hollow kind of laugh ain't any refreshment. If you can't take it hearty, you had better hold your tongue; leastways, that is my opinion."

"Perhaps you are right," answered Nat, who had evidently spoken more hopefully than he felt; for, as if glad of the invitation, he relapsed into silence.

But it was only when idle that old Mark seemed to despond. When he stood in the midst of his little band of poachers, his eye was full of fire, and his arm of vigor. He laughed defiantly in the face of those who dared to prophesy evil.

Never had the marshes looked gloomier, for the moon was behind a cloud, and the rain fell at intervals drearily. It was understood that Pierce, the youngest of the band, had something of importance to tell; and old Mark bade him come forward and speak.

"What's the matter now, Pierce?"

"Well, I was working down at the Seven Acre Field this afternoon—you know the Seven Acre Field, mates?"

"Yes, yes—go on!" said half a dozen voices at once.

"Well, I was down behind the hedge, smoking my pipe at noon, after my dinner, when who should come along but Mr. Carthen, with Lawrence, the keeper."

There was a deep murmur of suspense and eagerness.

"Well, he stops just near me, as if it was done on purpose, you know; and he says, 'Lawrence,' says he, 'my patience is wore out, and I begin to think with you, that there won't be any peace for any of us until old Mark is caught.' "

"And what did Lawrence say to that?"

"'You're right, sir,' says he. 'That man does more mischief than all the rest put together. He puts the young ones up to poachin', as if the idea didn't get into their heads soon enough without.'

"'The worst of it is, we never can catch him in the act; he is too cunning for us,' says Mr. Carthen.

"'I've got a plan in my head, sir,' says Lawrence, 'if you approve.' "

"But at this minute they walked on. Mr. Carthen had only stopped to light his cigar, it seemed, and so, of course, I didn't hear any more; but it strikes me there is something up."

"I don't suppose it is anything very grand," said old Mark, with confidence; "but here comes Master Herbert. I didn't expect you, Master Herbert, I must say."

"Why not?"

"I fancied you would have had enough of it last time."

"I am not here for pleasure," sighed Herbert, so softly that only Mark might hear. "You know what I told you last time."

"But, you shan't do it."

Herbert smiled. He knew that it ought to be easy enough to escape old Mark's vigilance.

"Well," said old Mark, presently, "who's afraid?"

"Why, no one, I should think," answered Pierce. "I ain't, for one."

"Nor I!" "Nor I!" "Nor I!" said half a dozen voices, simultaneously.

"Very well, then, let's see if we can't get a little sport to-night. Who's got guns?"

Four answered yes to this question, and among them Herbert Benson.

"All I can say is," continued old Mark, "nothing venture, nothing have. Get all you can as quickly as you can, and never mind about the noise of your guns. We was as whist as could be the time before, and was never nearer being caught in our lives. This time we'll carry it with a high hand, and I daresay we shall find ourselves all the safer. I don't expect the keepers will care to venture too near when they find us well armed. And if we can keep them at bay until we've filled our bag, they may come on afterwards if they like, and be hanged to them."

"There are nine of us," he added, presently; "the best way will be to divide in threes. We shall have more chance of getting something that way, than if you kept too close together. Nat, you'll keep by your old father, and Master Herbert."

Herbert stepped up to his side.

"Very well; then the others may fix themselves according to their liking. Come on, Master Herbert; come on, Nat."

They passed into the wood at different places, diverging by different paths towards the centre, where they were all to meet at last.

As the final group disappeared, six stealthy figures emerged from under the rocks, where they had been in close shelter, and came silently, gravely, like so many spectres, across the edge of the common, to the very spot where old Mark had held council with his men.

Here they paused momentarily.

"Which shall we follow?"

"Let us catch old Mark if we can; never mind about the rest."

At this they glided on again, all six in pursuit of the three who had gone first.

Meanwhile, unconscious of danger, fired by the excitement, old Mark marched on gaily, keeping up a whispered conversation with his companions on either side.

"Nat, where's your eyes? Isn't that a bird?"

"Nay," answered Nat, laughing softly; "where's your's, father? That's naught but an old nest."

"I can see it move."

"Very likely. It's got scattered, and so the wind gets hold of it. But I never saw a bird, if that's one."

"So be it, then; your eyes are younger than mine."

"I don't care about their being much sharper, though," said Nat; and at this compliment the old man looked well pleased. He liked to be told that he still retained some of the advantages of his youth, and Nat was pleased to humor this foible.

"Where's your eyes now, then?"

This Mark said decidedly and with a chuckle, for he knew that he was right this time, whatever he might have been the last. Nat looked up, so did Herbert, and found a brace of fine pheasants at roost in an elm tree overhead.

"You fire, Master Herbert," said old Mark; "Nat's not the best shot in the world."

Herbert lifted the gun to his shoulder, took aim, and was just about to fire, when he saw at the end of the path, about ten yards distant, one quiet figure, standing immovable, and, beyond, the dusky shadow of other figures advancing.

"Mark," he said, faintly, "run, I'll cut off your retreat."

"Nay," answered the old man, sturdily.

"It's your only chance. Don't be a fool, Mark! My father is sure to get me off somehow, and you know they want to get you. I should like you to disappoint them; it would be a fine joke. They made so sure of having you this time."

"I won't desert a mate."

"I keep telling you I am safe. Nat, make him, that's a good lad. You know he would die in prison."

"Yes; I know I should, too," answered old Mark, with a stifled sob in his voice. "Let the lad get off. He's young, and so are you, Master Herbert. It wouldn't be for long, and——"

"You are mad! Lead the way, and I will follow, only don't wait—don't look back, even—we may all escape yet."

Herbert jerked out these breathless words, and thrust old Mark back through the branches with all the force of his strong right hand.

At this minute the foremost of their pursuers was so close that he might have shot Herbert down like a dog, if he had chosen to fire. But it was clear that he meant to take him unharmed.

Herbert made a feint of following old Mark, just to pacify him, meaning to keep the men at bay until the two poachers had made good their escape. But there is something in this kind of antagonism when it comes to the point, which rouses a man's spirit, and makes him fight even for the liberty he does not value. We know that Herbert wished to be taken; and yet, when he felt the other's hand at his throat, he stepped back suddenly, a quick instinct of self-preservation making him raise his arm to ward off the impending blow.

"Nay, you rascal, I have you now!" said a deep, stern voice, he recognized at once as Mr. Carthen's.

Herbert and the young squire had been playfellows in their youth, and when Herbert found himself face to face with one whom he had loved like a brother in those early days, a thrill of compunction, of dread even, passed from his head to his feet.

He had almost decided to discover himself, explain everything and throw himself upon Mr. Carthen's mercy; but when he thought of the other's disappointment, his grief at seeing one he had trusted in such a position, shame overpowered Herbert, and the great sacrifice he had demanded of himself became impossible.

He rushed after old Mark, dashing the bare branches aside like a madman; and this time it was no feint, but a real, earnest, passionate purpose to escape if he could, and save himself the pain of acknowledging to Mr. Carthen that he had turned poacher.

"If he could have seen poor Milly's despair, her tears, he might have pardoned me, but not now," thought Herbert; "and, somehow, I cannot bear to lower myself in his sight."

But Mr. Carthen was at his heels, and finding that the man, whom he took for Nat Greysome, was trying to get away from him, he seized him in both hands with all his might, and called back to Lawrence to come and help him secure the audacious defender.

Herbert struggled desperately. Even this brief resistance made discovery more difficult. It was impossible now that he should find any excuse for his conduct, as Mr. Carthen would naturally say that he ought to have confessed at once, if he wished him to believe in his sincerity.

Herbert felt now that he had made a mistake, and must not expect to be trusted, and, therefore, he struggled passionately in Mr. Carthen's grasp. He succeeded at last in breaking away from him, and was stooping under a branch of the huge elm that barred his path, when his gun struck against the trunk, and went off suddenly.

Herbert turned then in horror and suspense, and said, in his own natural voice, looking anxiously at the other:

"Oh, Mr. Carthen, you are not hurt?"

"Herbert Benson, that cannot be you!"

The gentleness of this reproach brought Herbert to his knees, just in time to receive on his breast the heavy head of the man who had been his playfellow in youth, and whom, perhaps, he had killed that Milly might be saved.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RATIONAL RECREATION.—Society is not, and ought not to be, exclusively devoted to *serious* concerns. The beneficent Creator of the universe would not have adapted human beings to the enjoyment of his gifts unless he intended that they should be enjoyed. With the law which enjoins industry, comes the law of fruition. Why should the eye be formed to perceive natural and artificial beauty, if it is not to be used for that purpose? Why has the capacity to make instruments capable of emitting sweet sounds been given, if such sounds are not to be heard? Why should the human structure be capable of the sweetest melody, and of graceful action, and of the delightful expression beaming from innocent and heavenly countenances, if pleasure from such sources were forbidden us? Why does the grape ripen, the silkworm toil, the annual fleece return, the diamond sparkle, the marble yield to the chisel, and the canvas catch and preserve the inspiration of genius, but to awaken human desire, animate industry and reward with fruition? It is the *excess* and the *abuse* that are forbidden.

ONE'S MOTHER.—Around the idea of one's mother the mind of man clings with fond affection. It is the first dear thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all the after feelings are more or less light in comparison. Our passions and our wilfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we may become wild, headstrong and angry at her counsels or opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a rude storm, raises up her head and smiles amidst her tears. Round that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earliest period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our departed parent with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues, which we doubt not that she possessed.

THE RUINS OF HUMANITY.—Of all the ruins on which the eye of man can gaze, or on which the memory can dwell, none are more painfully sublime than the ruins of humanity—and what are they? Not the deep furrow which time ploughs on the cheeks or the whiteness with which years cover the head—not the curved spine which bows the face to the earth as if looking for a grave to rest in; for the wrinkled cheek and the stooping frame are the appropriate accompaniments of age, and as beautiful in the system of life as with its leafless trees and frozen streams in the system of seasons; but the ruins of humanity are in the ruins which time has not made, a frame trembling with anxiety, shaken by sorrow, humbled by sin, withered by despair—when all the beauty of youth is gone, and the beauty of age has not supplied its place; it is as melancholy as snow in harvest.

A TRUSTWORTHY FRIEND has often been the saving of a man, and fortunate we are if we possess and appreciate such a blessing. His readiness to listen to the recital of misfortunes and suggest a means of deliverance, his good-natured tolerance of our eccentricities and temper, and his kind and gratuitous offers of advice and assistance, are things that touch our better nature, and awaken feelings that harshness and neglect would go far to stifle.

A NOISE, when an author is writing, generally stifles his best thoughts in the birth—just as a loud sound causes the death of a brood of canary birds and of silkworms.

FACETIÆ

THE less men think, the more they talk.

A HIGHLY intellectual dog—The typesetter.

JOB boiled over when his patience gave way.

A SMALL boy forgot and asked his father for a "chaw uv tubaccer," the other day, and is now very reticent on the subject.

AN old settler at the Isle of Shoals seeing the name *Psyche* on the hull of a yacht the other day, spelled it out slowly, and then exclaimed, "Well, if that ain't the durndest way to spell fish!"

A LADY who had barely succeeded in *not* catching an out-going train at Massillon, Ohio, stood gazing at it with her arms full of packages and her eyes full of tears, when a gentleman arrived at the depot on a run, with his valise in hand, his coat on his arm, and his face streaming with perspiration. He sat down on his valise, and deliberately said "D——n it!" Whereupon the lady sweetly smiled and said, "Thank you, sir!"

I was sitting beside
My destined bride,
One still sentimental day:
"How I long," said I,
"But to make you cry,
And I'd kiss the bright tears away!"

Fair Cecily blush'd,
Her voice grew hush'd,
I thought she would cry to be sure:
But she lisp'd to me,
Pouting prettily,
"Prevention is better than cure!"

PARITY OF REASONING.—Lately, at a distribution of prizes, a little girl seven years old, whose parents had just been turned out of their house, because they had failed to pay their rent, was asked by the teacher:

"Have you studied sacred history, my child?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know the history of the creation?"

"I know that God made all."

"Why were Adam and Eve turned out of Paradise?"

The child hesitated a moment, and then, fixing her eyes on the examiner, replied:

"*Probably they were turned out because they could not pay their rent!*"

WOMAN'S AGE.—Eve, it is well known, was sixteen years old when she was awakened at the side of her husband. Sixteen years old, say ancient writers, and that so boldly, that they must have seen Eve's register written in the lilies of Paradise. Now, women, who have, nine cases out of ten, more curious rabbinical learning than the mean envy of our sex will allow to them—women inheriting the privilege from their first parent, believe that, after a certain time, they have a just right to let their first sixteen years go for nothing, and so they sink the preliminary sixteen with a smile, counting, with mother Eve, their seventeenth as their first real birth-day. And they are right; for it deducts from your woman of five-and-forty all she cares to lose, giving her a fair start with Eve, and pegging her back to full-blown nine-and-twenty. And, indeed, it is impossible that any really charming woman should be a day older.

DARWINISM AGAIN.—A Darwinian philosopher was brought before a justice on the charge of drunkenness. In defence, he said, "Your worship, I am a Darwinian, and I have, I think, discovered the origin of my unfortunate tendency. One of my remotest grandfathers was an anthropoid of a curious turn of mind. One morning, about 4,391,033 B. C., he was looking over his store of cocoanuts, when he picked up one for his breakfast in which the milk had fermented. He drank the liquor and got gloriously drunk, and ever after he always kept his cocoanuts until fermentation took place. Judge, then, whether a tendency handed down through innumerable ancestors should not be taken in my defence." Casting a sarcastic look at the prisoner, the justice said, "I am sorry that the peculiar arrangement of the atoms of star dust resulted in giving me a disposition to sentence you to pay a fine of five shillings and costs."

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THE firm foot is that which finds firm footing; the weak falters, although it be standing on a rock.

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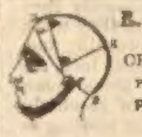

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The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

According to the "knowing ones," this is going to be a brisk season for business of all kinds. Our realm, the world of fashion, is also influenced, and as the financial sky brightens, and the sun of prosperity dispenses freely his cheering beams, we may expect all sorts of new fancies and suggestions to "crop out" from the fertile brains of our dress artists, like flowers, after refreshing rains and warm spring sunbeams. For to live under the clouds and in the chilling atmosphere of such a financial crisis as has been our lot to experience as a nation, for over a year past, is most terribly depressing to trade and business of all kinds. Now, happily, we begin to emerge from gloom, and so everything brightens—summer, "lingering so late among the hills," and loth to yield her sway to autumn, influences costume very much—consequently the decided changes in wraps and hats, etc., that we have described, have not yet been very generally adopted.

We are glad to record the favor with which the new walking dresses have been received both in New York and Philadelphia; which two great emporiums of business of all kinds may be said to influence the entire American world of fashion.

In speaking of these walking dresses, we allude more especially to the length; as in that particular item, lies the (to us) most attractive feature. We have seen several newly imported ones, and all were just of sufficient length to clear the ground. They are gored perfectly plain in front, and over the hips; the fullness of the back being arranged either in one large double box plait, or two flat plaits. The width of the skirt should not exceed three yards and three-quarters.

A very pretty light woolen fabric, with fancy stripes, now brought out in ecru and drab tints, striped with red, the new claret tint, and different shades of blue, will be much used for indoor overdresses and polonaises, and as long as the mildness of the season permits for the promenade and carriage wear.

Heavily embroidered basque polonaises and tunics of silk, cashmere, and camel's hair cloths are still being largely imported. Some are heavily beaded and wrought with finely cut and pressed jet; others have only silk embroidery, in large patterns.

Among handsome silk suits we noticed one which will serve as a model for garments of similar material. It was of dark claret color, and had the skirt trimmed with two bias gathered flounces, each about three-fourths of a yard in depth, set on the lower with two puffs, the upper with one puff, and three graduated standing ruffles. The overskirt and cuirass basque were heavily wrought in palm leaves of jet, and a fine running vine of embroidery. The shape of the overskirt was a deep pointed apron, fastening under the basque at the back, in one broad sash end laid in six kilt plaits; this sash was only embroidered on the end, and edged, as was the overskirt, with deep yak lace. The jacket had a high round collar, standing out well from the neck, and ending on the front, just over the bust, in two crossed square tabs. The sleeves were of the coat style—very close fitting.

Dinner and reception dresses have very long and full trains, and generally square or heart-shaped bodices. The back breadths of all the dresses are arranged either in large kilt pleats, or the one double box plait, which latter, indeed, is a newer style.

Hats, it is said, will be more popular than bonnets during the coming season. Many of us, who are still young, can remember the time when hats were entirely given up to children and very young misses, and even they wore little bonnets for "best" in imitation of "mamma's." Now all ages wear the hat, and one seldom sees the bonnet in general use among the young and unmarried.

We noticed a very charming model of drab velvet, combined with a dark shade of slate colored gros grain silk. The crown was of the Normandy shape, high and slightly puffed. The front of the velvet laid in overlapping folds. A half wreath of tinted leaves, gray shading into deep maroon, was placed just above the "forehead piece," as the band inside the flaring front was termed, and carried back until it reached the crown just at the left side, where it was caught by an aigrette of mingled blue and black jets, and two loops of gros grain ribbon the same color as the silk of the crown. On the right side were placed two small beautifully curled ostrich tips, of shaded gray and maroon.

Among the smaller items of wear, are noticeable small linen and linen-cambric cravats for the ladies; much the size and shape of those worn by gentlemen to the opera. Some are plainly hemmed, others are edged with lace and have a spray of embroidery on each end. The sheer muslin ties, so popular last summer and a season before, are revived—only they are now much narrower than they were. Jabots of Valenciennes and Mechlin, and, where it can be afforded, point lace, are very fashionable for full dress wear. Many wear a small cluster of rosebuds, or one half-open flower, just nestling in the folds of the lace, giving a dainty, coquettish effect.

Double ruches are worn around the neck—sometimes the inner one is of tulle and the outer of sheer muslin. NINON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS R. B. C.—We can forward any pattern you desire.

C. O. D.—Yes; you were correctly informed. We do shop on commission for those who send us orders. We answer by mail if a stamp is sent.

ANNIE AND ELLA.—"Little girls," and big ones, too, still wear the front hair "banged," but we think it a risky style—suiting very few faces.

MISS NETA G.—We would advise the purchase of a felt hat for ordinary wear. Trim with a scarf or torsade of silk, lined with contrasting color and fringed at the ends. Have a bright wing or tip, and small aigrette of jet at the left side.

TILLIE.—Certainly; we can get you any kind of hair braids you wish. They cost all the way from $5 to $25; but for about $10 or $12 you can get one that will answer every purpose, and that will be really handsome. 2. The embroidered shirt bosoms cost from $1 to $5 each, according to the quality and amount of embroidery upon each bosom.

TAKE WARNING.

BY M. J.

Once lived a comely maid who, proud
Of charms before which all men bowed,
Wax'd over scornful;
'Twas in those good old ages when
Our grandsires were but grandchildren;
But human nature now as then
Of pride is born full.

Altho' this maid to lovers' prayer,
To lady-killer's deep-laid snare,
Bade bold defiance,
She ne'er intended to remain
A votary in Diana's train,
But form with some well-favored swain
A fit alliance.

Years glided by; full many a chime
Told new year's eve when ruthless time
Her charms invaded;
But thought she not of tell-tale streak
Which scarr'd her brow, of sunken cheek,
Of pallid lip, of voice grown weak,
Attractions faded.

At length still fewer and more few,
Behold! aspiring suitors grew;
At festive meeting
No more did youth on youth advance
To claim her hand for distant dance,
Nor combat for one witching glance,
With heart high-beating.

"Alas," quoth she, "I'm sore perplex'd;
My beaux desert; the very next
Whose means are ample,
Woos not in vain;" but, ah! no more
Did anxious lover seek her door.
Young ladies, in your bosom store
This sad example.

A DOG IN THE MANGER.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES.

DEAR JIM.—When last we parted, you promised to give me an opportunity of repaying, in part, at least, the kind attentions shown a "stranger in town," by spending a week with me during the summer. Lo! the summer hath passed, indeed, and you came not. Now, by all that is sacred in friendship, I charge you not to fail to put in an appearance at the farm, next week—not later than Wednesday. The weather is fine, the shooting good, and I've a new receipt for making apple toddy. I'll invite some of the boys from over the hills to join us.

Yours, cordially, NED.

Shelton Farm, Oct. 18 184—.

I obeyed the summons at once. The next day found me *en route* for the country house of my bachelor friend, Ned Ashley. In due course I arrived and found a hearty welcome awaiting my presence. The crisp, fresh October air, the boisterous, contagious gayety of my host, gave additional zest to an already sharpened appetite, and I did full justice to the excellent supper which Ned's housekeeper (a soberly dame who had nursed him in his babyhood) had provided.

During the days which followed, we shot plenty of game, rode horseback, paid visits—in short, sought whatever amusement could be found among a rather scanty, but decidedly lively population.

The evening preceding my departure, Ned, as he had indicated in his letter, invited some of the boys "from over the hills" to supper, and as they had to come some distance, an invitation of this sort involved also the offer of a bed. The boys came and soon gave evidence of a determination to make a night of it. I forget how many glasses of apple-toddy, a most seductive and delusive beverage, I consumed in their company. I was the first to move to bed; they insisted on my remaining. Pleading the lateness of the hour, and my long, tiresome journey of the morrow, I begged to be permitted to retire, and after a shaking hands all round, and a "bumper at parting," I went to bed; but my departure did not at all disturb them. In my first sleep I was aroused by the sound of a heavy fall on the floor. The room was a double-bedded one, and my friend was endeavoring to assist one of his visitors into the vacant bed; he finally gave up the attempt.

"There he is at full length on the floor," said Ned, laughing. "His last intelligible words were that he preferred a good floor to a bed;" so saying, Ned hurried off to his other friends, forgetting, in his haste, to close the door.

I lay down again, and all seemed at peace. By-and-bye I felt the cold, and decided to rise quickly and close either the door or the window, the draft caused by both being open, blowing directly on me. I had one foot out of bed, when a low growl surprised me, and I drew it in again quickly. Looking towards my prostrate neighbor, I perceived a dog, commonly known as a Newfoundland; I have no doubt he was of the ordinary size of his kind, but to me he seemed as large as a two-year old colt. The door being left open, he had slipped in, evidently with the intention of watching over his fallen master, and determined to tear the leg off any one moving in the room. I thought it better to try and bear the cold than risk a tussle with him. There's something in presenting a naked leg to a dog, which is, I assure you, not pleasant.

But the cold increased to such a degree that finally I determined to make another effort to close either the door or window. I got out of bed. He growled a moment, and then up he jumped and made a rush at me. I'm not ashamed to confess that I speedily sought ignominious shelter in the sheets. He growled again, and I heard him trot round to his original position at the feet of his master. My case seemed ridiculous, but it really soon grew desperate. The wind was blowing full on me, and to sleep thus was certain to produce a severe cold, and possibly invite a more serious illness. But it was a full hour before I could resolve what to do; a most miserable hour, I can assure you. After repeated failures in attempting to make friends with the brute, I finally determined on a bold stratagem. Gathering all the bedclothes quietly in my hand, I jumped out, and before he could attack me, buried him under them. I had just time to close the window, when I saw his tail emerge, and there was nothing for it but to return to bed as rapidly as possible and leave him the sheets and blankets. There I remained, as cold as ever, while he took his station on them. There never was such a dog in the manger! If I got hold of the end of a blanket and began to pull, he growled and made a dash at my hand. The very slightest movement on my part, caused him to be up and on the alert for an encounter. Once I pulled with all my might, and the brute seized the blanket between his teeth and pulled against me. I became enraged. I thought of the original stratagem by which I had succeeded in closing the window; and leaping out again, I flung the blanket—or what portion of it was in my possession—straight at him. But this time I was not so successful, I only contrived to blind his eye for a moment—the next we were rolling together over his recumbent master.

"Hello! what the d——," I heard him say, and he grasped my foot. I kicked out and sent him roaring backwards; presently he and I were engaged, and in our struggle we rolled through the door without much difficulty, right on to the body of another of my friend's visitors, extended on the entry floor. He uttered a similar inquiry about his satanic majesty, and in the uncertain light, with a confusion of brain equal to his comrade, forthwith joined in the fray. Aroused by the noise, and utterly at loss to comprehend its cause or nature, Ned was not long in adding a fourth to this curious nocturnal engagement, the dog all the while barking furiously and snapping at every leg but his master's. This lasted about twenty minutes at the shortest calculation, when the housekeeper appeared with lights, and I hope she was gratified. But the arrival of the old lady gave rise to the second case of dead-lock on record. None of us would move till the dog was secured. I held my man firmly; my friend of the entry held me; Ned had the owner of the dog safely pinned; while my man held him; and so we continued till the housekeeper drove out the dog. It was then close upon morning. When we realized the ludicrous situation a shout of laughter burst forth that made the rafters ring. We all went down stairs and drank in the day.

Many years have passed since that night; many pleasant visits have passed between Ned and myself; but, although we've both grown staid, sober citizens, we still enjoy a hearty laugh when either is reminded of "a dog in the manger."

ETHEL'S ROMANCE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"I tell you what it is, Ethel," Mrs. Darcy said, deliberately laying down her book, and looking severely at her daughter, who was standing by the window, "I don't want anything to do with John Evelyn, and I don't want you to have. He's nothing but a—but a—well, fortune-hunter," said Mrs. Darcy, desperately grabbing the first word which suggested itself.

"I don't see how you make that out," said Ethel, bitterly. "The Darcy fortune isn't so large as it might be."

Everybody knew that the Darcy fortune was no fortune at all. Mrs. Darcy had been dividing her attention for the last six years between her novels and plans for bettering her worldly prospects.

She had taken courage of late. A new actor had appeared upon the scene, and one from whom Mrs. Darcy expected a good deal in the little social drama she had resolved to put upon the boards. She wanted Ralph Trevor to marry her daughter. She didn't know much about him. He seemed a nice enough young fellow, but that was the least she cared about. What she cared most for, was the fact that he had money. She knew that to be a fact because everybody was talking about the recklessness with which young Trevor spent his dollars. She wanted some of them, and the only way by which she could get them was for her to make a match between him and Ethel.

She knew that Ethel did not care for him; knew that Ethel's heart was reaching out in a different direction, as a tendril searching for something to cling to. Ethel felt the need of something to cling to. She had never felt toward her mother as a child ought to, but she was not to blame. Her mother had too much selfishness, too much indolence, too much superficiality, to be very attractive to a girl of Ethel's nature.

Ethel had met John Evelyn about a year before Ralph Trevor came along, and she had liked him from the first. Mrs. Darcy saw how the wind blew, and determined that her daughter should never marry a man whose fortune is in his two strong hands and a sturdy brain. Brains didn't count for much with her. It was money that made a man attractive. But when Ralph Trevor came and began to pay court to Ethel, she felt that the stroke of good luck she had been waiting for had at last arrived, and it only remained for her to take advantage of it.

Ethel was no weak girl. She had grown accustomed to being self-reliant, and now, when her mother told her that she wanted her to let John Evelyn go, and take Ralph Trevor in his stead, she rebelled openly.

"I hope you won't make a fool of yourself, Ethel," said her mother, sharply.

"I don't intend to," said Ethel. "But I should be making a fool of myself if I were to marry a man I detested as thoroughly as I do that Trevor."

"What do you know about him?" asked Mrs. Darcy, angrily.

"Sure enough," answered Ethel. "What *do* I know about him? I do not intend to marry any man without knowing more about his antecedents than I do about his."

"I shall tell John Evelyn when he comes here again that I do not care to have him continue his visits," said Mrs. Darcy. She resolved to daily no longer. Ethel must be made to do as she saw fit.

"You can do as you please," answered Ethel; but there was something in the way in which she said it that made her mother feel slightly uncomfortable. It didn't argue well for Ethel's docility.

Mrs. Darcy did tell John Evelyn that she would be pleased to have him discontinue his visits to Ethel. And Ethel told him that the breaking off of his visits would make no difference in her regard for him. But Mrs. Darcy did not know it.

Ralph Trevor came often after that. I suspect that Mrs. Darcy told him that the way was clear for him. She fancied she had removed all obstacles, which shows how little she knew her daughter, who had been accustomed to a blind obedience to her whims and caprices.

But Ethel was careful not to encourage Trevor. She feared to arouse the fierce passion of which Mrs. Darcy was possessor, for under her usual indolence slumbered a stubborn doggedness of purpose, and Ethel knew that her wrath would be fearful if once thoroughly provoked. So she treated Trevor politely, but managed to keep him at a distance.

I do not know why Trevor cared to press his suit with Ethel, unless he really loved her. Love is a curious thing to understand. We generally take it for granted that a bad man is hardly capable of loving truly. But I do not think that this is always a safe conclusion to abide by, for if Trevor did not love Ethel, I cannot tell why he sought to win her for his wife.

Ethel probably felt a stronger repugnance towards him than she would have done if circumstances had not been as they were; but, from the first, there had seemed something bad and sinister about him. She did not know why she should feel so; she only knew that such a conviction took possession of her the moment she saw him.

The weeks went by, and Trevor lingered, encouraged by Mrs. Darcy and repelled by Ethel's coldness.

All things must end, and at last he resolved to trifle no longer. It must be settled, one way or the other.

He proposed to Ethel, and she refused him. She did it as gently as she knew how, because she pitied him if he really loved her, and she more than half believed that he did.

He took his refusal with the best grace possible, and at first was not inclined to consider her answer decisive. But she quickly undeceived him on that score.

"I mean every word of it," she said. "I do not love you, and I cannot marry a man I do not love."

The man's face was white with pain when he turned to go. She knew then that he had felt her words keenly.

"I am sorry," he said, simply. "You would have made a better man of me, Ethel, if you could have loved me a little. But I suppose it cannot be, and I will not trouble you any more. I shall go away, and you will forget me sometime; but I shall not forget you, Ethel, because you are the only woman I ever loved."

He went away then. He did not even say good-bye. And when he was gone, Ethel sat down and cried. She hardly knew why; it might be because she felt relieved to think that the unpleasant affair had come to an end, and it might be because she was sorry for the pain she had caused him.

Mrs. Darcy was terribly angry, not with Ethel alone, but with Trevor for withdrawing from the field. She felt that she could have helped him to conquer if he had persevered. But as he was not there to receive his share of her wrath, Ethel had to bear it all.

She bore it as long as she could.

At last she turned, as the deer does when it is pursued.

"Stop!" she said. "This has gone far enough. I will listen to no more. If you want me to go away, go on; if not, let there be something which at least we may call peace."

There was something in her voice and in her face which told Mrs. Darcy that she had gone as far as it was safe for her, and she relapsed into a sullen silence.

Ethel saw but little of John Evelyn, but she knew that he was waiting patiently. And she was content to wait, too. They had a dream, you see, as all of us do, of a good time coming.

One day Ethel took up a paper, and the first thing she saw was a telegraphic dispatch, announcing the fact that Edward King had been arrested for having forged his employer's name to a check for a very large amount some six months before in an Eastern city. He had escaped with the money thus obtained, and all track had been lost of him, until, by merest accident, it was discovered that he was stopping in an obscure Western village under the name of Ralph Trevor.

Ethel read the telegram through with a feeling of intense relief to think that she had not linked her lot with his. She hardly knew how she came to read the next dispatch, just at that time when her mind was so absorbed with other matters, but she did. And it was like reading the sequel to some unfinished story. The train on which Ralph Trevor was being taken East had been thrown from the track, and there was his name among the list of killed.

She carried the paper to her mother.

"Read that," she said. "If I had married him, what would I be to-day."

That night she sat thinking. What use was there for her to spend the best years of her life in this way? Was her duty to obey her mother's whims more than to help the man she loved? She thought it all over, and came to a conclusion before morning.

"Mother," she said, next day, "when father died, he left what little he had to us, equally. You can live comfortably on that money, if you choose to live alone; but I would prefer to have you live with us, if you could overcome your dislike to the man I am going to marry."

"What?" asked Mrs. Darcy, sharply.

"I am going to marry John Evelyn," said Ethel, in reply. "I am wasting my life here. It is not because I am wilful, nor ungrateful to you, that I shall marry him against your wish; but because I love him, and love has duties of many kinds. I have a duty to perform towards the man I love, and I shall do it as faithfully and as truly as I can."

And Ethel kept her word. Mrs. Darcy lives alone, and I think it is better for both that she does so. She could not forget her selfishness and her prejudices if she were to come into Ethel's happy home.

Ethel has not forgotten Trevor, as he said she would. She thinks of him sometimes, with a little tender thrill—because she believes he loved her, and a woman must always keep a tender thought for a man who gave her his love, even if she could not accept it.

LIFE'S STREAM.—Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel—through the playful murmurings of the little brook and the windings of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers seem to offer themselves to the young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauty around us—but the stream still hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course through youth and manhood is along a wilder and deeper flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving pictures and enjoyments and industry around us; we are excited at some short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot be delayed, whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears; and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the shore lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until our future voyage there has no witness save the Infinite and Eternal.

HE who is passionate and hasty is generally honest. It is your cold, dissembling hypocrite of whom you should beware. There's no deception in a bulldog. It is only the cur that sneaks up and bites you when your back is turned.

THAT only may properly be said to be a long life which draws all ages into one; and that a short life which forgets the past, neglects the present, and is solicitous for the time to come.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ It is the intention to make this Department an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will necessarily contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

☞ All communications must be addressed to R. J. O. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Insufficiently stamped MSS. will not be taken out of the P. O. by us. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

Contributors are requested to write on only one side of the sheet, and to avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

TO GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS.

G. B. H.—An eighteen karat gold ring, with genuine solitaire diamond setting, such as you want for an engagement ring, would cost you $16. If you desire it we can purchase it for you, and send it C. O. D.

M. W. R.—Slander is the daughter of spite. Think of yourself more and less of the opinions of your gossiping and fault-finding acquaintances. A woman who takes a pride in her reputation carries about with her a guardian, and a safe one.

EDWARD H.—The proper way for you to assist a lady to mount on horseback is to take her left foot in your two hands and help her spring up, while she holds with her right hand on the pommel and lightly rests her left hand on your shoulder.

H. E. S.—The largest organ in the United States is in Music Hall, Boston. It has 80 stops and nearly 4,000 pipes. Its height is 60 feet, width 48 feet and depth 24 feet. The largest organ in the world is said to be in the Albert Hall, London.

THOMAS D.—As a rule the wife ought to be younger than the gentleman; but if there be a deep and sincere attachment between you we do not see why you should sacrifice your happiness simply for the reason that the lady is three years your senior.

S. B. T.—You ask us to suggest a name for a club you are organizing in your town, but have omitted to tell us of what nature the said club is to be; whether social, literary, political or otherwise. The name should, of course, be governed by its character.

F. BATES.—We have been informed by one who has had considerable experience in keeping pigeons that to make them stay at home and not leave you, the best thing is to rub the sides of their cots, or the beams on which they roost, with oil of aniseed. Try it.

T. H. B.—There is nothing to prevent a man of any particular religious creed from being elected President of the United States, as the Constitution expressly states that religious belief shall not act as a bar to a man holding office under the United States Government.

R. E. F.—There are five law schools in the State of New York, connected with the following colleges: Columbia College and the University of New York, in New York city; University of Albany, at Albany; Hamilton College, at Clinton, and the St. Lawrence University, at Canton.

H. D.—We are sorry we cannot give you any assistance in obtaining employment. Judging by your letter, your education qualifies you to fill a position far above that which you speak of; but, in these hard times, you should take the first thing that offers, and be constantly on the look out for something better.

NOVICE.—We cannot give you directions "how to make wax-flowers," as the process is far too long and too full of details, to give in such a very limited space as we have here at our command. We can get for you a book entitled, "Wax Flowers, and How to Make Them," however, for the sum of two dollars, by which you can thoroughly teach yourself.

EMIGRANT.—We could not take it upon ourselves to advise you where to settle. Government lands are located in all the Western States and Territories, and can be had at prices ranging from $1.25 an acre upward. Your best plan will be to write to the Land Commissioner, Washington, D. C., for what information you may want regarding any particular location.

A. K. (Minn.)—We do not see that you need have any difficulty in finding out what you should now do, under the peculiar circumstances of your case. As you say the young lady to whom you were engaged has played you false, and married some other fellow during your absence, the best and only thing left for you to do is to transfer your affections to some other and we trust worthier object.

IGNORANT.—1. Commence, "My Dear Miss ——" or "Dear Miss ——," either is correct. 2. Yes, you should not call upon persons with whom you have become accidentally acquainted by meeting them several times at a friend's house until they invite you to do so. 3. We can get you the book you speak of for a dollar or a dollar and a half, according to the style of binding.

A. F. Y.—We confess your letter puzzles us. What do you mean when you say that "the young gentleman paid you all the attentions of a lover without ever speaking?" Do you mean that his demonstrations of affection were merely pantomimic, that he expressed his meaning by gesticulation alone? Please write and be more explicit, as you have roused our curiosity not a little.

F. A. S.—When you meet a gentleman whom you know walking with one or more ladies whom you do not know, you must raise your hat to them also. 2. No well-bred man ever thinks of speaking first to a lady to whom he has only had a passing introduction. He must first look at the lady as he advances toward her and await her recognition. 3. At night a gentleman should always offer his arm to the ladies he may be escorting.

H. L. M.—It may be "perfectly proper for a young lady to visit the parents of the gentleman to whom she is engaged;" and again it might be improper for her to do so. The propriety or impropriety of her visit would depend altogether upon all the circumstances of the case. A young lady should be very careful not to be too free in such visits, and she should never make them in a manner nor under circumstances which would suggest or raise the question of propriety.

CARS.—You are quite right in thinking that the conduct of the two young ladies you met in the cars was very ill-bred, to say the least. There is nothing which is more out of all good taste, and which looks so bad, than to see two persons struggling and scrambling which shall pay for the tickets. One should never *insist* on paying, in such a case, when the other wishes to pay for her; it is better to pass it quietly, and return the compliment on some other occasion when the opportunity offers.

A. B. S.—It would be impossible for us to give you here "rules for punctuation, quotation marks and italics," to guide you in the getting up of your MSS. You had better get Wilson's Treatise, or any similar work on punctuation, and study up the subject. As to the general use of quotation points and italics, we will only here repeat the hint which we read the other day given by some editor to an inquiring correspondent, that "it is not necessary to quote every other word and italicize the rest."

A. C. A.—If the lady passed you in the street twice or thrice without recognizing you, although you are perfectly sure, you say, that she saw you, you were quite justified in concluding that she purposely "cut" you, and now that she has capriciously taken it into her head to recognize you on meeting you again, you are not by any means bound to acknowledge her recognition. You should get some kind of an explanation from her, either directly or through some mutual friend, as to why she "cut" you in the first instance.

ABRAHAM.—Although "the young lady from a distance who was visiting in your neighborhood," came up, as you say, to your "idea of the person you would like to marry," possibly you didn't come up to her idea, and there's where the trouble so often comes in. As you tell us nothing of the extent of the intimacy which you managed to bring about in the short time of her stay, nor of her manner toward you, it is impossible for us to advise you what to do. You must be guided entirely by your own good sense in the matter.

R. P.—It was not enough that your good advice was "meant for the best." It should have been given discreetly and with proper degree of tact. The efficacy of good advice depends very much on the manner and on the form in which it is administered. The bitterest pill may be sugar-coated; and the most unpalatable advice may be rendered acceptable, if judiciously and gently administered. There is an oblique kind of a way of conveying good advice which few persons have tact enough to employ, but which is often very successful.

SMOKER.—Your friend is quite right in maintaining that meerschaum means *sea-foam*. You are also right in maintaining that meerschaum is not sea-foam. Meerschaum is a fine white clay, found in various parts of Europe, and which, when taken out of the earth, is soft, and makes a fine lather like the foam of the sea. The Germans, who named it, called it meerschaum, "meer" being the German for sea, and "schaum" meaning foam, which name was given to it on account of the foaming quality and color of the lather which it makes.

MISS CONCEIT.—A most appropriate name for a young lady who asks us three such questions as the following: "Do you know of anything for darkening the color of the eyes?" "Could you advise me what to drink or take inwardly for whitening the skin?" and "What is best for reddening the cheek?" If she will not be offended at our plain-talking and follow our advice, we would recommend her to give up thinking of any such artificial methods of beautifying herself, for although she may find plenty of so-called preparations claiming to produce the various improvements and alterations which she is so desirous of effecting, she cannot use them without great risk and almost certain serious injury to her bodily health, which surely is of far greater importance than the color of one's eyes, whiteness of skin, etc.

HALLIE.—We are not in favor of ladies trying to change the form of their eyebrows, with an idea of improving them. We think it is better to leave them as nature has made them, as in almost every instance it will be found that she has proved the best judge of what harmonizes with the other features. Continuous eyebrows, and eyebrows that come very close to each other will both suit the peculiar features to which they belong; and the alteration in their shape, given them by art, is generally less appropriate and becoming. However, if you will remove the hairs above the *nose*, when both eyebrows are joined, we know of only one safe way—that of extracting each hair with the tweezers. This painful operation sometimes causes partial inflamation, which, however, will soon disappear with the application of a little cold cream.

R. W. (Richmond.)—Go straight, and don't mind those who have been doing all they can against you. If they get in your way, walk around them, regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything—he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character is one who thinks for himself, and speaks just what he thinks; he is always sure to have enemies. A celebrated man, who had plenty of enemies, used to remark: "They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves." Let this be your feeling while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who have been so bitter against you. If you stop to take notice of them, you do just what they desire, and open the way for fresh abuse. Let them talk, and there will soon be a reaction in your favor, if you will but follow our advice.

W. F. J.—We think that every young person, who has time and opportunity, should study some of the modern languages, besides his own mother tongue. He may not see the necessity or use of such an acquisition, and may be apt to look upon it as a mere accomplishment, having no real value, unless he should happen to travel in foreign countries, where of course, some knowledge of the language of the country would be useful, though not even absolutely indispensable, as there are to be found persons speaking English in all the great routes of European travel. But the study of languages has other and higher uses than to enable a man to order his dinner, or inquire his way on a journey. Language is a science, like music, and in acquiring a language we learn more of the true character of the people by whom it is spoken than we could by any other method. In fact, we do not understand the moral and intellectual character of any people until we know their language. Our own language, moreover, being compounded largely of Greek, Latin, French and German, we can understand it better only by knowing the origin of so many of its words.

FLORENCE.—There is an impression in the minds of some persons, we know, that love is the attribute of the young alone, and that the man or woman who has passed, say, forty, should bid good-bye to the tender passion for ever. Never was there a greater mistake. There are a very large number of elderly persons whose hearts are as fresh and youthful as they were years ago. And such often love more deeply, more passionately, more faithfully than their juvenile competitors. It is very wrong, therefore, for your friends to ridicule the love of the gentleman for you, and to wish to influence you to refuse the offer he has made you, simply on the ground of the disparity between your ages. There is a great difference in your ages, to be sure, but the disparity may be more apparent than real, provided a mutual desire exists that it shall be so. If you yourself are willing to overlook this matter of age, and feel that you have a sincere regard for the gentleman, and are otherwise entirely free, we would advise you, under the circumstances, to write to him to that effect. You are certainly of an age when you can decide for yourself on such a momentous matter, without being influenced by the fear of what others may say.

JOHN PRINCE.—"What is chicory? Perhaps, you will think this a foolish question, but if it is, a great many beside myself whom I have asked are just as ignorant as I am. 'Something that is sometimes mixed with coffee,' is the most satisfactory answer I can get." Chicory, or succory, is the wild endive, a plant belonging to the same family as the dandelion. It is found growing wild in most parts of Europe, and in England in great profusion. It has been naturalized in this country, and may be seen in the fields and roads along the fences in neighborhoods long settled. It blossoms in August and September, and may be easily recognized by its bright blue flowers. Chicory was formerly used to a considerable extent for medicinal purposes, and is still by some considered to be very beneficial, if taken freely, in the early stages of jaundice and visceral obstructions, etc. It has been used as a substitute for coffee, or to mix with coffee, for the last eighty years at least. In England it is very largely used for this purpose, its cheapness recommending it to the poor; and many persons prefer to use coffee mixed with chicory, owing partly to the taste which it communicates, but mainly to the appearance of strength which it gives to the coffee. By chemical analysis it has been found that chicory possesses very little of the nutritive properties of coffee.

OTHELLO.—There has been considerable discussion as to how the name of Shakespeare should be spelt, owing to the fact that orthography in his time was in its infancy, and great men paid but little heed to their spelling. The arbitrary system of spelling was not confined to common words, for proper names were sometimes as variously spelt. This is particularly remarkable in the case of "Shakespeare." In the Stratford register of his birth, it is written Shakspere, and in the entry of the baptism of his children, and of his own burial, the same orthography is preserved. The British Museum, in London, possesses a volume containing an autograph distinctly written Shakespere, while in a mortgage purchased by the Corporation of London, the final "e" is left out—Shakspere. On referring to the early quarto editions of his plays, printed during his lifetime, we find the name variously spelt. In "Love's Labor Lost," (1598) it is Shakespere: "Much Ado About Nothing," (1600) Shakespeare; "The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet," (1603) Shake-speare, and in "King Lear," (1608) Shak-speare. In the "Accounts of the Revels at Court," published by the Shakespeare Society, an entry is made recording that "On St. Stevens' Night, in the Hall, a play called Mesur for Mesur was performed," and in the margin, under the heading, "The Poet wch mayd the Plaies," the author's name is spelt "Shaxberd."

MISCELLANEOUS.—R. W. B.—There is no remedy for moles that we can recommend—indeed, it is commonly supposed that to attempt to eradicate them is dangerous. W. R.—The present you propose will be very useful, and, we should think, acceptable. NELLY.—Pronounce the word exactly as it is spelled. 2. Writing is very good for your age. A. I. B.—Turkish baths are very good; we have not space to describe them, but they do not agree with all constitutions. EDITH.—The novel you name belongs to a class that we cannot recommend for your perusal. GEORGE H.—The idea seems to us just as improbable as it does to you, but as it is quite beyond our experience, we would not like to speak positively on the subject. READER OF THE POST.—Nothing but a firm resolve on your own part to give up the habit. 2. Only a very small percentage can acquire the proficiency alluded to. A. E. V.—You had better cease to think of the gentleman altogether. He ought to return your letters, but there is no law to compel him. A. T.—There would be no "breach of etiquette" in making such a present to an old friend.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*